

This week's BRIDGE COMPETITION: only FIVE DAY'S MORE. See page 10.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 38.

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
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BEST
to-day**

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Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.9.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate to rather rough; North Sea and Irish Channel, smooth to moderate.

The Daily Mirror.

Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903.

349th Day of Year.

16 days to Dec. 31.

1903-04.	December.	January.
Sun.	20 27 ...	3 10
Mon.	21 28 ...	4 11
Tues.	15 22 29 ...	5 12
Wed.	16 23 30 ...	6 13
Thurs.	17 24 31 ...	7 14
Fri.	18 25 ...	1 8 15
Sat.	19 26 ...	2 9 16

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

At King's Lynn Fat Stock Show yesterday the King took a second and reserve prize for steers, two firsts and one second for sheep, and a second and reserved for pigs.

The King of Italy is said to have left at Windsor Castle £600 to be divided among the servants.

A young Hungarian count, an undergraduate at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, has committed suicide at the Carlton Hotel.—See page 4.

The late Lord Abinger's body will be conveyed from Paris to England to-day.

The final tie for the English Football Association Cup will be played at Crystal Palace.

The Duchess of Beaufort is left an annuity of £200 under the will of her late father, Mr. William Henry Harford.

A balance of £4,521 from the Birmingham Musical Festival is to be handed over to the local general hospital.

After being in existence for 255 years, the old Plympton Grammar School was closed yesterday.

The Drapers' Company has voted £5,000 towards the removal of King's College Hospital to South London, conditional on the remainder of the £300,000 being raised within a year.

"Elizabeth Batty" who died in hospital, after being taken into custody for drunkenness at Greenwich, has been found to be a man.

Business on the Stock Exchange was better yesterday, and Home Rails brightened up considerably.

Political.

The Cabinet sat for two and a half hours yesterday.

Misuse of the King's name and cypher is alleged against the Protectionist party at Dulwich. The elections there and at Lewisham take place to-day.

"While the present loyal feelings remain there is no need for preferential agreements to bind our colonies to us," said Lord Brassey, speaking at the London Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

At a meeting in London yesterday to inaugurate a women's section of the Tariff Reform League Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt said that they would hold a great public meeting on the subject when Parliament opened in February.—See page 4.

Foreign.

The German Emperor has completely recovered his voice.

The United States Government has sent a flotilla of five torpedo-boat destroyers on a great six months' tour from New York to the Philippines and back; the first cruise of the kind ever undertaken from the American shores.

A message from the Far East says that a riot at Mokpo, Korea, led to the landing of Japanese troops, who fired on the mob.

The Austrian Archduchess Clotilde Maria Raineria, daughter of the Archduke Joseph, died yesterday at the age of nineteen years from a pulmonary complaint.

Herr Bebel, the great German Socialist leader, delivered a three hours' passionate speech in the Reichstag yesterday on the Socialist future state, concluding with the declaration, "Come what may, ours is the future; ours is the world."

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-Day's Weddings.

Colonel Douglas Frederick Rawdon Dawson, C.M.G. (late Coldstream Guards), and Mrs. Oakley, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Pine, of Château de Varennes, France, at Medmenham Abbey.

Captain Garnet Wolseley Muir, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Miss Mina Cunningham, third daughter of Colonel Cunningham (late 11th Hussars), at Holy Trinity, Ayr.

Captain Edward Charlton, R.N., and Miss Laura Mary Strutt, only daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Strutt, and Mrs. Arthur Strutt, of Milford, Bournemouth, in London.

General.

Princess Christian gives her patronage to an entertainment at the Grafton Galleries in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street.

The Lord Mayor presides at the annual meeting of constituents of the Hospital Sunday Fund, Mansion House.

Mr. Walter Long at Trowbridge.

Dance in aid of the League of Mercy, Empress Rooms, 9, 20.

Mayor of Westminster's reception and concert, Caxton Hall, 8.

Royal Horticultural Society: Fruit and Flower Show, Drill Hall, Buckingham Gate, 1 to 4.

Universities' Rugby Football Match, at Queen's Club.

The demand from the Vatican, which caused much surprise, for a second list of names from which the new Bishop of Southwark may be chosen is due, it now appears, only to an informality in forwarding the first list.

The Countess Stephanie Lonyay is in treaty for an estate at Laeken, near Brussels, so that the Countess and her husband will probably take up their residence in Belgium shortly.

Mexican cattle, of which 12,000 head have been purchased for South Africa, are to be used for the restocking of farms.

Emile Zola, the author of so many dramatic novels and episodes, has been himself dramatised, and the play, produced at Valencia, in Spain, is said to have been enthusiastically received.

M. Bompard, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been taken suddenly ill, and his wife has been urgently summoned from Paris.

Colonial.

The first innings are over in the Test match—England, 577; Australia, 285. Mr. Foster's own score exceeds the Australian total by two runs.—See page 5.

Lord Lamington, the new Governor of Bombay, has been appointed Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.

Letters to the Thibet Lama from the Viceroy of India have been returned, and preparations for the expedition are being pushed on.—See page 5.

Law and Police Courts.

Mr. Shaw, one of the co-respondents in the Bisham divorce case, was sharply cross-examined yesterday as to some entries in his diary.—See page 5.

The Lord Chief Justice has decided that an overseer may accept part payment of the rates, and can only distrain for the remainder.

On re-trial of the Worsley divorce case, in connection with which a detective was sentenced for perjury, the Judge has ordered the return of the £1,500 damages to Mr. Joseph Worsley, the co-respondent.—See page 5.

Court



Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Monday, Dec. 14.

Lord Northcote was received in audience by the King this morning, and kissed hands upon his appointment as Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., Secretary of State for War, had an audience of the King.

The Venerable Admiral of the Fleet, the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, had the honour of being received by his Majesty to-day, and remained to luncheon.

Marlborough House, Monday, Dec. 14.

The Prince of Wales this morning presided at the Distribution Meeting of the General Council of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, which was held at Marlborough House.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left for Brockton Hall on a visit to Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

Misuse of His Majesty's Cypher at Dulwich.

THE KING'S REPLY.

Polling To-day and Hopes for Fair Weather.

When these columns reach the breakfast table to-day's big contests at Dulwich and at Lewisham will already be in full swing. Few recent bye-elections have been so thoroughly fought and organised as to-day's combat, and the resultant poll will be of exceptional significance as marking a definite step towards the acceptance or rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's plans.

Yesterday, in both constituencies matters were at their liveliest. Much discussion was caused at Dulwich by the action of one of the agents of the Free Trade Union, who, discovering that the Protectionists had issued a poster bearing the inscription "Eduardus Rex" and the royal cypher, had telegraphed straight to King Edward asking whether the Tariff Reform League had the King's permission to use his Majesty's name on a document advocating the taxation of food and other necessities of life.

Lord Knollys, the King's secretary, replied immediately that "it is almost unnecessary for me to say that no permission has been given to make use in any way of the King's name and cypher."

The Libel Action Threats.

Otherwise, and with the exception of the usual incidents attendant on a hotly-fought contest, matters have gone fairly smoothly in both constituencies. Dr. Rutherford Harris is firm in his decision to bring an action for libel against Mr. Masterman, and Mr. Masterman laughs at Dr. Rutherford Harris.

The Radical candidate's chief concern at present is, not Dr. Harris, but the weather. "If it is wet we shall lose by a small majority, for many of our people will have to walk long distances, and vehicles are not so plentiful as we should like to bring them to the poll." Dr. Harris is better off for vehicles, and his poster artists are vying with the renowned "F. C. G." in fertility and resource. One bold design is headed "Electors of Dulwich Beware. If any attempts are made to lead you to believe that Dr. Rutherford Harris is favouring the introduction of Chinese labour in South Africa, remember it is a lie."

At the Liberal meeting opposite, the member for Battersea read a number of extracts from Blue Books in support of his contention that Dr. Harris had participated in the Jameson Raid.

Lewisham Contest.

At Lewisham more parliamentary methods prevail. The candidates are the best of friends, and all they ask is a fair field and no favour. Both parties express themselves as confident of success, though Mr. Cleland, the Liberal candidate, hardly dare hope for anything but a small majority. His party are making the most of an authorised statement to the effect that "the following ex-Cabinet Ministers concur in the Duke of Devonshire's advice to decline to support any Unionist candidate who expresses his sympathy with the policy of Mr. Chamberlain—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Viscount Goschen, and Lord James of Hereford."

Both of the Lewisham candidates are well provided with motor-cars, thanks to the support of a number of well-known people, headed by Mr. Balfour, who, however, is only lending his car for the purpose of showing posters.

Voting in both constituencies will take place between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. to-day.

PLAYING AT SANTA CLAUS.

"Please teacher, I've brought a doll this morning. My bruvvers made a chair out of a cigar-box for her to sit on, and the frock took me all Saturday."

After this little speech from one of their number, one by one the children at Whitfield-street Board school troop up to "teacher" and present a toy.

A fortnight before this time Santa Claus comes to this school in the persons of the little scholars from the neighbouring streets,

who vie with each other to impersonate him fitly.

The children of the poor are famous for their generosity to one another, and these little girls and boys early in the year save their halfpennies in order that they may buy toys for their sick friends in the children's wards of the London hospitals.

Even if they cannot play with the toys they have bought at personal sacrifice they like to have a chance of having occasional presents at them. So Christmas tree ornaments and flags decorate the gas brackets, waxen dollies sit on shelves, and pictures and oddments decorate the walls. Open a desk and out bobs a woolly dog or rabbit, walk behind the blackboard and see a Dutch lady—rather stiff in her wooden joints—sitting on the easel.

Next Tuesday, the day before the school breaks up, the toys will be collected by Miss Saul, the head-mistress, and assigned to four different hospitals. Then the girls with much joy carry their gifts to the children's wards.

The hospitals, not to be outdone in Christmas feeling, in their turn issue invitations to the Board school children.

THE THIBET EXPEDITION.

The Viceroy of India's Letters Sent Back from Lhasa.

The latest developments in regard to the expedition which is being organised and sent from India to Thibet for the purpose of enforcing attention to British demands concerning trade relations are explained in a communication from Reuter's agency.

Colonel Younghusband, the British Commissioner, and Colonel J. R. Macdonald, the commander of the military expedition, have gone from Darjiling to the Chumbi Valley, and the troops of the expedition are on their way to Chumbi from their various stations.

The concentration will probably take place at Khamba Jong, where the original political mission is still encamped.

Whether Colonel Younghusband will go direct with the troops to Gyantse (which is on the road to Lhasa), or will first rejoin the mission at Khamba Jong, is not yet certain.

The letters addressed by the Viceroy to the Dalai Lama at Lhasa have been returned.

As the result of the latest information the view is held that the majority of the people of Thibet are in favour of Indian-Thibet trade, but that the monks at Lhasa exert a dominating influence in the present situation.

KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND.

The Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London last night.

Sir H. Bardell stated that the League of Mercy would make a donation of £10,000. The committee this year recommend the distribution of £99,000 to the London hospitals.

The Prince of Wales, in moving the adoption of the report, called attention to the enormous sums for which appeals are now contemplated by the London hospitals. "It is, indeed," he said, "a serious question whether some limit should not be put upon hospital extension work, and I trust the new schemes will not be undertaken by any hospital without grave consideration of these heavy demands now being made on the charitable public. With regard to King's College Hospital, I note with the utmost satisfaction its removal to South London. I am directed by the King to express his high appreciation of the efficient manner in which the work of administering the funds has been conducted during the past year."

THE KAISER HIMSELF AGAIN.

The German Emperor has "completely recovered his former vigour, and his voice is again clear and full."

This interesting statement was made officially, according to Reuter, at yesterday's sitting of the Reichstag. The Emperor had received the President and Vice-Presidents in the morning, had greeted them most graciously, and had spoken for three-quarters of an hour about his illness and other subjects. His Majesty was in good spirits.

Only those who viewed the case with a certain prejudice might, perhaps, said the President, still perceive a "thin veil" over the voice.

MR. CHAPLIN AND THE DUKE.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., speaking at Ware last night, discussed the recent speeches of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt; but the brunt of his attack was reserved for the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke, he said, had first agreed on a joint resignation; then he had apparently left Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton out in the cold; and then, after sharing the Prime Minister's Councils and the secrets and policy of the Government, he had again joined his Free Trade friends to lead the attack on the Unionist Government.

* Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

A KOREAN RIOT.

Japanese Interference That May Involve Complications.

The most striking feature in this morning's news from the Far East is the report of a somewhat serious incident in Korea.

According to Reuter a Seoul telegram to the Associated Press says:—

"The Japanese landed marines at Mok-pho yesterday to suppress a riot which had been caused by some labourers on strike. It is reported that the Japanese fired on the mob, killing several of the rioters.

"A strike of Korean coolies employed in the foreign concession had precipitated affrays between Koreans and Japanese. The affair, it is thought, may cause local complications. It is possible that Russia may send a warship should Korea resent the landing of the Japanese marines."

Where Danger Lies.

Riots in Korea, especially when they necessitate outside interference, are rather dangerous affairs. It was, it will be remembered, a Korean émeute that led to the despatch of Chinese and Japanese troops in 1894, and caused complications which ultimately involved the two countries in war.

The incident is interesting too, as showing the inveterate antipathy between Koreans and Japanese—a side of the question that has not received adequate attention in England. The feud dates back almost from prehistoric times, and the bitter feeling prevailing among the people will aggravate Japan's difficulties in any solution of the Korean question.

With regard to the Russian reply to Japan, it is believed in Tokio that there is a considerable divergence between the demands of Japan in regard to Manchuria and the actual concessions made by Russia, and further negotiations are expected to follow.

Reuter is informed by Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, that he is not in a position to make any remark in regard to the Russian reply, as the negotiations are not yet concluded. His Excellency has no reason to change his previous opinion as to the ultimate pacific outcome of the situation.

The state of the stock markets indicates a more cheerful view of the situation. Both in London and New York prices have advanced.

Germany's position in the matter was succinctly stated in the Reichstag yesterday, according to Reuter, by the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Buelow:—"Our programme in the Far East is simplicity itself. We desire to hold and develop what we possess there, but we will not burn a finger in matters which do not concern us."

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Archbishop's Counsel to Resist Attacks on the Education Act.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has written at great length to Lord Ashcombe, Chairman of the Executive of the Church Committee, on what ought to be the attitude of members of the Church of England towards the attacks made by Nonconformists upon the recent Education Acts.

Dr. Davidson says it appears necessary to meet by definite resistance the Nonconformist attack. In the forthcoming County Council elections Churchmen must ensure that the men returned are those who understand the education system, and mean to deal with it fairly.

The last sentence in the letter runs:—"While abstaining from every unkindly word or unfair imputation against those who differ from us, we are bound to rally our forces and stand firm."

THE SEA SEIZES EIGHT COTTAGES.

Not only on the sea is it possible for the fisherman to find danger, but also on the land, where he might reasonably expect to be safe from the hungry waters. Another inroad of the sea has taken a slice off the little village of Hallsands, on the Devonshire coast.

The local story has it that consequent on thousands of tons of shingle being removed from the beach for use in the dockyard works at Devonport, the coast was made insecure. The sea has come up and washed away part of the land on which the village is built. Eight cottages have been destroyed and several people are homeless.

The total destruction of the village is looked for in time.

IN MEMORY OF THE LIVING.

The Bishop of Salisbury, in a letter to the "Times" yesterday, expressed his disapproval of the practise of erecting in churches stained-glass windows with accompanying inscriptions to commemorate persons still alive.

"My principle is that to praise any man before his death is always dangerous," wrote the Bishop, "but to do so in an inscription set up as part of the fabric of the House of God is inadmissible."

NO BEAUTIES NEED APPLY.

From a West Country paper:—
WANTED.—A really Plain, but Experienced and Efficient GOVERNMENT for three girls, eldest sixteen; Music, French, and German required; brilliant of conversation; fascination of manners and symmetry of form objected to; the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons.—Admission, "Mister," etc.

A KITTEN'S BAPTISM.

Pierre Loti's Ridiculous Ceremony on a French Ship.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

"Pierre Loti," the well-known author of "Madame Chrysanthe," recently organised a curious ceremony at Constantinople.

Pierre Loti, whose real name is Capt. Viaud, commands the French guardship Vantour, and at the beginning of the month a kitten was born on board. Pierre Loti decided to celebrate this event in solemn fashion.

A grand fête was organised for the kitten's baptism. The Captain's private apartments were beautifully decked out with flowers, and a brilliant company was invited on board, including the Consul-General of France and the commanders of the British and Russian guardships, the Russian naval attaché, and M. Coquelin Cadet.

The kitten's distinguished god-father was Vicomte de Talignac-Fénélon and its god-mother Madame Rouse, wife of the commander of a French warship.

An altar consecrated to Odin was erected in one of the rooms, and before it Pierre Loti and his fellow officers opened the ceremonies. The High Priest of Odin, clothed in white, stood forth, and while electric lights formed a dazzling kind of halo round his head soft music was played.

The High Priest then handed to the god-mother a mysterious horn, at the sound of which the kitten was to emerge from its basket, this symbolising its awakening to life.

After the invocation of Odin, the High Priest baptised pussy, giving it the name of "Belkin," which means "pretty girl." Some appropriate lines by Pierre Loti were then recited, and the touching ceremony being at an end, the guests retired to the buffet.

La Presse severely condemns Loti for organising such a ridiculous ceremony. A French officer representing his country in Turkish waters should not, it says, lay himself open to misunderstanding by the Turks, who cannot look on such things with the easy indulgence of the Parisian.

HERBERT SPENCER'S FUNERAL.

"Herbert Spencer. Died December 8, 1903, aged eighty-three years." Such was the simple inscription on the coffin of the great humanist, as, crowned with laurel, the remains were yesterday brought from Brighton to Golder's Hill for cremation.

Sir Michael Foster, Mrs. Leonard Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and Mr. Hall Caine were among the company that listened to Mr. Courtney's splendid eulogy of the deceased.

As the proceedings closed an Indian gentleman, who was present, offered £1,000 to found a Spencer scholarship in token of his indebtedness to the master.

Afterwards the remains were buried in Highgate Cemetery, only the immediate relatives, by the express wish of Mr. Spencer, attending.

PASSIVE RESISTERS SCORE A POINT.

In future the "Passive Resister" can withhold such portion of his rates as come under the (to him obnoxious) Education Act without fear of being summoned or distrained for the whole amount of his rates. This decision was arrived at on appeal by a Divisional Court yesterday, the Lord Chief Justice himself pronouncing the judgment of the Court.

His lordship was careful to add that nothing he had said must be supposed to give countenance to the refusal to pay the rates which were justly due.

LIFE OF A TRUST AT STAKE.

On the final appeal in the case of the Northern Securities Company, which commenced before the Supreme Court of the United States yesterday, rests the life or death of a railway trust which the lower courts have held to be illegal.

Eighty millions sterling are involved. The re-trial is expected to extend over four weeks.

THE RECTOR OF TOOTING'S GRIEVANCE.

The rector of Tooting, the Rev. J. H. Anderson, declares that the social organisations in connection with his church have the tendency of promoting matrimony among the young people, and that the result is they leave the parish, preferring to live further out in the country.

A tennis club has been responsible for the most devastating effects of this nature, but Mr. Anderson also conducts a fully-licensed theatre and a football club among other organisations.

CHURCHES IN A CYCLONE.

A cyclone passed recently over the diocese of North Queensland, leaving the Cathedral at Townsville roofless, besides damaging most of the minor places of worship. The Bishop is appealing, from the Church House, Westminster, to England for help to make up the £6,520 needed to repair the damage done, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has written a cordial letter hoping that the "waste places will soon be restored."

"Elizabeth Batty," who died in the infirmary, after being taken into custody for drunkenness at Greenwich, has been found to be a man.

"WOMEN AND FISCALITIS."

How They are Going to Help Mr. Chamberlain's Plans.

The Women's Section of the Tariff Reform League was inaugurated at a meeting yesterday afternoon at 139, Piccadilly, kindly lent by Lord Glenesk, who is in full sympathy with the movement. Sir Vincent Caillard was in the chair, and read a letter from Sir Gilbert Parker, who has been chiefly instrumental in forming this branch.

Interest centred in Miss Brooke Hunt's able setting forth of the aims of the women's organisation, whose work, she said, would be mainly educational. Meetings are to be held, leaflets and pamphlets issued, and debates arranged.

Miss Brooke Hunt pointed out that in this work women of the most varied dispositions may engage. Conversation might be as potent for the good of the cause as platform speaking. The campaign for protection was to be conducted in a truly Imperial spirit, and the political and party side of the question to be set on one side. The programme, said Miss Hunt, is to commence with a meeting on February 10, which will be followed by a series at which London women will be invited to consider the fiscal question in all its varied aspects, which will be set before them by experts in the different points of view—industrial, agricultural, and commercial.

The country people will be fired to patriotic interest by means of entertaining lantern lectures, which will bring before them the life and work of our Colonial cousins in such a way as to make Mrs. Hodge realise the ties which bind the Mother Country to the dominions beyond the seas.

Miss Brooke Hunt announced that Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain had consented to act as Chair while the Women's Section was in its infancy, and that its roll of supporters included the names of Susan Countess of Falmesbury, Miss Meresia Neville, Mrs. Baulnois, Lady Bathurst, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Lady Gertrude Cochrane.

DELIGHTFUL DOLLS.

Fascinating Show Opened in Berlin.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Monday, Dec. 14.

Berlin is not to be outdone by St. Petersburg, and this evening Princess Salm-Horst and a committee of distinguished ladies were present at the opening of a most attractive doll show in the New Royal Opera House.

The dolls were wonderful! The rich silks and satins and sealskins of these diminutive society ladies, with their waxen complexions, drew admiration from everyone. The dolls, dressed to represent well-known characters in fairy tales, gave the great hall a veritable fairyland aspect.

In a corner all to themselves there was a little group of "reform" dolls, and a little apart from them stood the emancipated dolls, which were attired in mannish fashion, with large shoes and felt hats.

Children were particularly fascinated by the doll representing the "naughty girl." She was a large doll, and she would wink at you with one eye, stretch out her tongue, scream horribly, and cross her limbs in most unladylike fashion.

A very pretty costume was displayed by a handsome brunette from Havana. It was made entirely of cigar bands. There were masked dolls, and dolls ready for a plunge in the surf, and dolls so natural that one could hardly distinguish them from the thousands of youthful visitors to the show.

INACCURATE ANTARCTIC MAPS.

Dr. Nordenskjöld and the other members of the Swedish Antarctic Expedition, who were rescued by the Argentine Relief Expedition, have sailed from Buenos Ayres for home.

They state that all maps of the Antarctic regions hitherto published are inaccurate. There is no broad stretch of land, but only a narrow strip, which is full of mountains.

The whole region is granitic, and resembles Patagonia. Exceedingly cold winds blow continuously.

"A TIME IS COMING"—NOT "SOON."

A platitude uttered by the United States Secretary for War, Mr. Root, has been telegraphed throughout the world, and has caused some comment. He said "A time is coming when America will meet as an enemy some foreign Power." The first report interpolated the word "soon" after "a time is coming," but Mr. Root denies that he said "soon."

BRUTALITY IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

The trial of Infantry-Lieutenant Schilling, of the German Army, on a charge of maltreating soldiers, was begun yesterday at Metz. No fewer than 968 cases are cited in the indictment, and there are nearly sixty witnesses. The case is being heard behind closed doors.

WAGES A FAILURE.

Mr. Wright, the United States Labour Commissioner, declared in a speech at Philadelphia that the present wages system is a failure and must be supplanted by profit-sharing and old-age pensions.

BOY-COUNT'S SUICIDE.

An Undergraduate's Pathetic Farewell to Life.

"I kiss you all."

These pathetic words, addressed to his mother and family, were the last written by a young Hungarian Count, a mere boy of seventeen, who shot himself at the Carlton Hotel.

Count Balint Nemes, who was an undergraduate, in his first term, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, came to the hotel, and asked for a room. Next morning the servant received no answer to her knock, and at six in the evening the room was opened.

The poor young fellow was found lying dead; he had evidently stood before the mirror and shot himself. The revolver was still in his hand; and in his pocket were two sealed letters and a gun-license taken out a day or two before.

One letter, addressed to a college friend, Mr. George Ambrozio, a compatriot, was read at the inquest yesterday. It ran:—

I greatly regret that I shall give you such annoyance, the more so as I ask you now to render me a service I have been forced to do it, it is greatly to be regretted. I cannot forget that in my case there does not exist any hope, which I can recognise after a very considerable time. I intended to try for the last time, but have not succeeded. I hope you will pardon my writing these lines to you, but I have no more space (i.e., time). First of all, I implore you not to leave away from Cambridge; also the greater part of my future, so that they may have a souvenir. Take over my debts and any money that may arrive from my parents, but you will not be angry with me.

It would be a pleasure to me to pay the sovereign I would owe you in sixty years time, and I will pay you when we meet in heaven. Send one of my photographs to —, and if it pleases you, give one to —, and, of course, one to my mother.

Excuse me, to-morrow will not exist for me. P.S.—Do not forget the lilies, and also tell F., and if she has worked a committee you can give her a kiss for me.

The other letter was addressed to the poor lad's mother:—

Dear Mother,—I sincerely regret I have to give you much sorrow. It is not my own or your fault, but it is no longer possible for me to exist in this way. The expense of last year ripened this resolution. I came to England last year to live well, but have run into debt to the amount of £3,000 [according to the evidence it was only 3,000 forins, or 2500]. I have the children in good health, and will remember me. I kiss you all.

Two of the boy's friends gave evidence, but neither of them could suggest that he had any trouble except that he was in debt to the extent of £300.

The jury found a verdict of suicide, expressing no opinion as to the state of the young fellow's mind.

BEDROOM RENT IN TWIN.

Two young ladies whose home is at Cromwell House, Kingston Hill, had an extraordinary experience on Sunday morning.

About daybreak they were awakened by a terrific explosion, and as they opened their eyes in alarm, their bedroom appeared to be filled with flames and suddenly to part in two. One side of the room fell outwards into the garden, carrying with it the dressing table and a chest of drawers. On the lawn below bricks, stonework, and window sashes were piled in a great heap.

An escape of gas had been responsible for the explosion. No one was injured, not even a kitten, which was subsequently found among the wreckage, still alive.

STRANGE DEBT COLLECTING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

A singular adventure has caused much comment here.

After dinner, the Duc de X— and the Marquis de Z— took a walk along the boulevards, when the Duc suddenly said:—

"Since we are before my hosier's, let's go in. I am going to make him a payment of £20." The two friends entered. To their astonishment they saw the shopkeeper come to the door and lock it.

"You offer me £25," he said to the Duc, "and you owe me £100, and are insolvent. Let your friend, who is rich, pay me the remaining £75, or neither of you go out."

The two noble visitors were furious, and a struggle ensued, which was only stopped by the arrival of the police.

BRIDGET, THE MONKEY HOUSE-WIFE.

"Bridget," an intelligent monkey in the Philadelphia Zoo, has been taught by her keeper to scrub out her cage as well as it could be done by human hands.

It was long before she could understand what soap was for, and even now [says the "New York Herald"] she occasionally takes a bite out of a cake to make sure it is not something to eat. The other monkeys take great interest in the scrubbing operations, but Bridget will not allow them to touch the cloth, soap, or pail of water. At first she attempted to scrub one or two of her brothers, but it precipitated such a fight that she did not repeat it.

SELLING THE MURDERED KING'S GOODS.

The horses of the late King Alexander of Serbia were publicly sold at Belgrade yesterday. Two mares were bought by King Peter's representative for £64, but the administrator of the murdered King's property refused delivery on the ground of low price.

The library of the late King, consisting of 6,700 books, is valued at only £80, which works out at less than threepence a volume!

"THE BRUTAL GODS."

Cryptic Complaints Against Fate in the Bisham Suit.

Another chapter in the story of Mrs. Bisham's strange acquaintance with a major and a young American—likened by counsel to the characters in "Box and Cox"—was told in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Neither Mr. Bisham, the well-known operatic singer, nor his wife, appears in court, Mrs. Bisham having gone abroad with the children. But the two co-respondents, Major Studdert and Mr. Shaw, both put in an appearance, and Mr. Shaw had yesterday to encounter a severe fire of cross-questioning from that veteran advocate, Mr. Bargrave Deane.

The first point dealt with was the kissing episode. Mr. Shaw admits he kissed Mrs. Bisham one day, and was ordered to leave the house. He went to a Miss Hayward's, and Mrs. Bisham arrived shortly afterwards.

Mr. Deane: She was indignant, and yet within half an hour she followed you to Miss Hayward's. How did she know you were going there?—She may have heard the cab order.

Did you tell Miss Hayward that "something dreadful" had happened between you and Mrs. Bisham?—No, but I might have told her I had kissed her. Did not you and Mrs. Bisham meet for the purpose of agreeing upon some story, and it was decided you should say you had kissed her?—No, that is not true. Will you swear that the erased words in your diary are "kissed Kitten"?—I do.

Why did you strike them out?—I thought it was a foolish thing to have written them.

"The Brutality of the Gods."

Mrs. Bisham had in one letter written to Mr. Shaw:—
Surely the gods have been sufficiently brutal to us lately without this additional adversity.

This Mr. Shaw could not explain.

Again, the lady had written:—
Ah, Bobbie, why cannot I go at once by the night's train to you, and nurse you back to health and happiness?

This referred to Mr. Shaw's having a cold while staying at the Hague.

Mr. Deane: What had the gods got to do with it?—I do not know.

There are these terms of endearment: "My Bobbie," "My Own," "What do you think, dear?" "You darling boy," and this sentence, "Everything is unsuccessful. I feel as if death were the only thing left." Is that the sort of way you used to write to each other?—No.

Now this: "Oh, Bobbie, what is it all worth if we are separated from me all this time?" Very strong language is it not?—Very.

It had been suggested—rather ungallantly—that Mrs. Bisham was "old enough to be Mr. Shaw's mother."

Mr. Shaw admitted this was "a flight of counsel's imagination." Mrs. Bisham was a very attractive woman.

Major Studdert, who has acted very ably as his own advocate, denied that he had called Mrs. Bisham "Kitten." He was not fond of pet names, and, besides, he considered "Kitten" inappropriate.

It had also been suggested that he had used the term "Childie," but that he regarded as still more inappropriate. His relations had simply been those of an intimate friend, and there was no word of truth in the butler's story that he was in the habit of spending the week-ends at the Bisham house in Kensington-gore.

"Did you know this lady was extravagant?" asked Mr. Deane.

"Not in a special degree," was the reply, and, being told that was ambiguous, the major said his candid opinion was that both Mr. and Mrs. Bisham were extravagant.

The case was adjourned.

£1,500 RETURNED TO "UNCLE JOE."

Since the citations were first served in the Worsley divorce suit the proceedings have passed through tortuous and at times sensational stages.

Mr. Joseph Worsley was cited as co-respondent in a suit instituted against his niece, and the jury found for the husband, and assessed the damages at £1,500.

But subsequently a private detective, who gave very damaging evidence against the co-respondent, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for perjury in the case.

A new trial was then ordered, but the petitioner did not comply with the order to appear, consequently yesterday an application was made on behalf of Mr. Worsley, popularly known in this case as "Uncle Joe," for the repayment to him of the £1,500, and also that the petitioner should pay all costs. This was granted.

THE BUOYANT STOCK EXCHANGE.

The stock markets did not enjoy much public business yesterday, but the market dealers made up for it by speculating among themselves. The better news from the East was responsible for this change, and the markets continued strong until the close. There was to be noted the fact that Continental finance houses were investing money in London in bills of exchange.

A noteworthy feature was the appearance of the report of the National Bank of Scotland. It was noteworthy because the Bank has boldly calculated the price of Consols in its balance-sheet at eighty-five. It has cost the Bank £30,000, and the dividend is maintained.

Other banks will have to adopt an equally cautious policy this half-year.

Home Railway stocks were distinctly more cheerful, now the dealers are disposed to modify their pessimistic dividend forecasts. American Railway stocks were again subjected to a good deal of manipulation by the finance houses, which are waiting to unload stocks on the public.

The close in that market was thus very strong. Speculation continues rife in Argentine Rail, and is now perhaps a little more ragged than is good for the market.

All Foreigners were naturally cheerful on the Far Eastern news. Copper shares continue to rise with the metal.

Mining shares were all disposed to harden, but there was not much to notice. The public are evidently going to be caught in the net, and the promoters can manage it. It is very risky work for the former. Interesting item in the mining world was the payment of a £5,000 dividend by the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation.

WOMEN BARRISTERS.

An Oxford Lady to Re-open the Fight.

Woman's assault on the Inns of Court—and ultimately, we presume, on the Woolstack itself—has not been daunted by the rebuff of Miss Cave at the hands of the Law Lords.

Miss Ivy Williams, of Oxford, is to make a second attempt to enter as a law student. Miss Williams, who is tall and dark-featured, is a person of great accomplishments, intellectual and bodily.

Specially trained under the guidance of her father, she was taught to think, write, and read in French and German before she knew anything of English. She attended no school until she was sixteen, university professors giving her six hours' tuition a day. At the same time her physical education was sedulously regarded, and she can ride, drive, row, swim, and dive.

Miss Williams, who is now an LL.D. of London, and therefore better qualified in the theory of law than most barristers, began her legal studies at eighteen. In the London B.L. examination she was bracketed second in the honours list, and in the Oxford B.A. she obtained a second class in the honours of the school of jurisprudence.

Miss Williams has a bent for preaching, and a great interest in Sunday school work. After rousing an interest in her case she intends to seek admittance to the Inner Temple; if she is refused there she will go to the Judges, and if there unsuccessful will go to Parliament.

Miss Williams does not think she would even object to a murder case. She does not believe in the doctrine that a woman's vocation is her home. No woman, she thinks, ought to look forward to being married. To do that is to lower the status of the sex. Even if a professional lady does get married, she need not give up her occupation. Plenty of lady doctors are married.

MR. STEAD'S NEW PAPER

Will be Brought Round Every Morning by Girl Messengers.

The December number of the "Review of Reviews" will contain full particulars of Mr. Stead's new journal, "The Daily Paper." For the present one can only learn that the first number will appear on January 4; that it will be a twelve-page paper about the size of the *Daily Mirror*; and that the system of distribution will be original, if not unique.

To subscribers the paper will be issued at a shilling a month, paid in advance, which works out at less than a halfpenny a number; the chance customer, however, will have to pay a penny for his "Daily Paper." Then, again, the sheet will be brought round every morning between ten and twelve o'clock by a girl messenger who will enquire whether there are any messages or suggestions that the subscriber may wish to make to the office of the paper. Mr. Stead thus hopes to obtain personal touch with every one of his readers.

Furthermore, there is to be a social side to the paper. Clubs and registry offices are to be opened in every quarter of London, which will embody "the aims which many clubs and registry offices profess at present, but do not fulfil."

But the plum of the whole undertaking will consist in its dramatic criticisms. Mr. Stead, a youth of fifty-four, has never set foot inside a theatre, and he now intends to make up for lost time by bringing an open mind, and one singularly rich in parallel experiences, to bear on the vexed question of the British drama.

THE CASE OF TOD SLOAN.

Tod Sloan was successful yesterday (telegraphs our Paris correspondent) in the action brought by him against the French Jockey Club.

After the victory of Rose de Mai in the Prix de Diane some time ago the jockey was accused of being concerned in spreading a report that the mare was sick, thus lowering the betting prices. The French Jockey Club thereupon banished him from French courses, and published their decision.

On this account Sloan claimed £4,000 damages. The court held that the prejudice caused to Sloan by the Jockey Club's action would be sufficiently atoned for by making the defendants liable for the costs of the action.

STOLEN FROM THE KING.

For stealing the property of "Our lord the King in whose service you were"—as the terms of the indictment ran—Frank Lanham, lately a clerk in the office of the Paymaster of the Household at St. James's Palace, was sent to twelve months' hard labour yesterday by the Old Bailey Recorder.

He had taken cheques, made out for sums amounting to nearly £400, and had cashed them there, appropriating the money to his own use.

HOME-SICK WITNESSES FROM SIBERIA.

Certain witnesses, who have come from Siberia to London to give evidence in a case in the High Courts, are anxious to return.

Mr. Justice Darling, asked yesterday to expedite the hearing of the case, set it down for an early hearing, but remarked that it was the first time he had ever heard of people who had got away from Siberia being anxious to go back again.

M.C.C. v. AUSTRALIA.

Superb Batting Creates new Records.

There is every prospect of the M.C.C. winning the first test match; they cannot lose, and the chances of Australia making a draw of it look decidedly remote. When play ceased on the third day the visitors were 292 ahead on the first innings, and Australia had made 16 without the loss of a wicket.

Both the M.C.C. aggregate of 577 and R. E. Foster's individual score of 287 constitute English records for test matches played in Australia. Indeed, Foster's total is the highest which has ever been achieved in these encounters. It surpassed the 211 made by W. L. Murdoch in this country in 1884, and exceeded by 112 the previous best English individual score in Australia, which was K. S. Ranjitsinhji's 175, compiled during the 1897 tour. Throughout his long innings the famous Worcestershire amateur, except when missed at about 50, gave no semblance of a chance; his style was perfect, and his terrific hitting when Rhodes went in as last man with forcing orders created the greatest enthusiasm. A simple catch at last robbed him of the honour of taking out his bat. Braund had the satisfaction of making a hundred—102 to be precise—and was then bowled by Howell.

Noble with three wickets for 98, and Howell with the same number for 113, were the most successful bowlers, but the unfortunate Saunders must have shown the best average except for mistakes in the field. Foster and Braund were both missed off his bowling. Present score:—

AUSTRALIA.		
R. A. Duff, c. Lilly, b. Arnold	3	
V. Trumper, c. Foster, b. Arnold	1	
C. Hill, c. Lilly, b. Arnold	5	
M. A. Noble, c. Foster, b. Arnold	133	
W. Armstrong, b. Bosanquet	48	
A. J. Hopkins, b. First	37	
W. P. Howell, c. Relf, b. Arnold	5	
S. E. Gregory, b. Bosanquet	23	
Laver, lbw, b. Rhodes	10	
Kelly, c. Braund, b. Rhodes	4	
Saunders, not out	11	
N-b	3	
Total	285	
Second innings.—Gregory, not out, 6; Kelly, not out, 5; extras, 5—total (for no wicket), 16.		

ENGLAND.		
Warner, c. Kelly, b. Laver	0	
Hayward, b. Howell	15	
Tyldesley, b. Noble	53	
C. Hill, c. Laver, b. Armstrong	27	
Foster, c. Noble, b. Saunders	287	
Braund, b. Howell	102	
First, b. Howell	2	
Bosanquet, c. Howell, b. Noble	2	
Lilly, c. Hill, b. Noble	4	
Relf, c. Armstrong, b. Saunders	31	
Rhodes, not out	40	
Extras	16	
Total	577	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.		
AUSTRALIA—First Innings.		
First	24	8 47 2
Second	7	7 4 Relf
Bosanquet	13	0 52 3
First bowled two no-balls and one no-ball.		
ENGLAND—First Innings.		
Saunders	36.2	8 12 3
Laver	37	12 116 1
Howell	31	7 113 3
Noble	34	8 29 4
Noble bowled a wide and two no-balls.		

THE SCENT THAT WILL FAIL.

Great as is the tracking power of bloodhounds, it appears that their "nose" has been overruled by those who proposed the Millwall experiment for the capture of notorious thieves.

Mr. Croxton Smith, hon. secretary of the Bloodhound Breeders' Association, criticising the idea of keeping portions of the clothing of notorious characters for the purpose of finding them by bloodhounds should the necessity arise, says that the cloth would not retain scent long enough for it to be of any use.

The dogs can, indeed, do wonderful things in the country, but in such a part as Millwall the thousands of crossing tracks would confuse and the hound would be of little use except for finding a thief who was known to be concealed in a certain house.

"THEN COMETH THE DEVIL."

On Sunday night the Vicar of Fenton, in the "Potteries" chose as his text "Then Cometh the Devil." Eight and a half years' experience of Hanley, Stoke, and other towns devoted to the manufacture of earthenware, had convinced him that the temptations of hell were as nothing when compared with those of the local workshops and factories. He would rather cut off his right hand than allow any child of his to work in such an atmosphere.

TEACHER REJECTS VACCINATION.

A Croydon pupil teacher, Miss Gertrude Moore, has been refused recognition by the Board of Education because she declines to be vaccinated, and has had to withdraw from the staff at the school to which she was about to be formally appointed.

Mr. Yoxall, M.P., states that the code lays down no rule on the subject of vaccination, but that there seems to be an unwritten law of the Board compelling vaccination.

THE POPE'S "NO" TO ARTISTS.

Since the Pope was photographed by an English photographer, scores of petitions have been received at the Vatican from painters and sculptors importuning his Holiness for sittings. The Pope has caused all these applications to be answered in the negative.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

SIXPENNY HALF-SOVEREIGNS.

Jubilee sixpences have not all found a resting place in the cabinets of legitimate collectors yet, for at the Old Bailey yesterday two men were sent to hard labour for gilding these coins and passing them off as half-sovereigns.

FOUNDER OF A TOWN.

Alderman Musker, of Bootle, reputed to be the founder of that thriving Lancashire town, of which he was assistant overseer for sixty years, has left a will, which has just been proved for less than £5,000—the accumulations of a life of eighty-five years.

BOY FINED FOR BETTING.

Precocity takes many forms, but a case of a boy, no more than fifteen years of age, being fined for betting happily is rare.

An Accrington bookmaker was fined £100 for using his house for betting, and in connection with the same charge his son, a boy of the age mentioned, was fined £5.

OLDER STAGE CHILDREN.

The new Act of Parliament as to the employment of children in theatres will come into force on New Year's Day. Children of seven years old and upwards have hitherto been employed, but now the legal age will be ten. The clause will probably provide more fascinating little stage players.

CHRISTMAS TREES IN DEMAND.

The popularity of the Christmas tree has not departed yet, if the sales which took place at Covent Garden yesterday can be accepted as a criterion. Thousands were disposed of at prices ranging from threepence to sixpence, and one dealer purchased 2,000 at a fraction under fourpence each.

MAGISTRATE DIES ON THE ROADSIDE.

Mr. Francis Eastwood, of Witley, Surrey, who had been for many years chairman of the Guildford County Bench, died suddenly yesterday as he was walking up Hindhead.

The steep climb along the picturesque road from Haslemere apparently proved too great an exertion, and he was taken ill as he was about to re-enter his carriage.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND OUTRAGE.

Robinson, the man who was captured under such exciting circumstances at the Bank of England recently, has been certified as insane, but the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court yesterday found, as the Recorder pointed out was their duty, a true bill against him for attempting to murder Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the Bank's secretary.

TO DEATH SINGING A HYMN.

A touch of peculiar pathos is given to the accident at Hanley, in which a man named Holland fell down a disused pit-shaft which suddenly opened in the street.

At a special meeting of the Hanley Council yesterday a councillor stated that Holland was singing Sankey's hymn, "When the roll is called up yonder I will be there," and had just finished the refrain when he disappeared to death.

EXAMPLE FOR DEBTORS.

The Lincoln County Court Judge yesterday had one duty to perform which he acknowledged gave him much pleasure.

He annulled the bankruptcy order in the case of two sisters named Kilham, whose dressmaking business became a failure in 1892, chiefly owing to one of them being ill. Recently the sisters came into a legacy, and at once ascertained from the Official Receiver how large a sum would be required in order that they might pay their creditors in full.

SERIOUS MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

The steering gear of a motor-car driven by Captain Adams, of Billesden, failed to act on a road near Houghton-on-the-Hill, last evening, and the car collided with a dray, all the occupants being thrown out.

Captain Adams, whose jaw was broken, and Miss Millie Rout, whose skull was fractured, were taken to Leicester Infirmary. Mrs. Adams and the two other people in the car, although unconscious when they were picked up, were not seriously injured.

RACING.

Only moderate sport was witnessed at Nottingham yesterday, but a fair number of favourites proved successful, so the holiday makers went home satisfied. Results:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Selling Nt. Hnt. Flat (4)	Sweetmore	Mr. Bell	4 to 5
Mapperley H'cap (5)	Liberty	F. Llyall	7 to 4
Selling Three-Y-O (11)	Funchal	T. Bissell	3 to 1
Wellbeck H'cap H (10)	Manhattan B.	W. Pearce	10 to 1
Brougham Mdn. H (6)	Stolen Mint	S. Wand	5 to 1
Elvaston S'chap (4)	Merry John	Mr. Payne	2 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

Racing will be continued at Nottingham to-day, when St. Moritz should prove successful in the Great Midland Steeplechase, and Cheriton Belle should win the Clifton Hurdle Race.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. Bingham, M.V.O., has been appointed second in command of the Life Guards.

Rear-Admiral E. F. Jeffreys, C.V.O., senior officer on the coast of Ireland, retires on February 1 next, and will be succeeded in the Irish command by Rear-Admiral Angus MacLeod.

The Majestic, Lord Charles Beresford's flagship, is ordered to pay off on February 1. She has down the flag for four commanders-in-chief, and has served a longer continuous period of service in this capacity than any other modern battleship.

SPOILING THE LANGUAGE.

HOW WOMEN ARE DEBASING IT AND LOWERING THE TONE OF CONVERSATION.

THE LATEST SLANG PHRASES.

"**W**HERSEY hang out?" asked the lady with the rustling skirts and the jingling chateignes of the astonished assistant, who had just recommended a certain jeweller as able to mend her gold pencil-case. He understood the language sufficiently to be able to give the information, and the lady made her exit to the carriage and pair in waiting for her.

But, after all, why record the poor lady's shortcomings in the matter of English? Is she at all singular in the employment of this order of mongrel dialect in preference to her mother tongue in its purity? Not long since a friend remarked to me, "Is English dying out among women? I have several men friends who speak English, but all the girls I know talk either slang or American."

With very slight variations of form, all the morning papers of December 2 placed it on record that the rejected lady-barrister relieved her feelings by exclaiming with regard to her rejection, "I call it a beastly shame of the mean men!" Picture the dignity of counsel's address transfigured throughout in this way! Perhaps the decision was wise!

They Need Translating!

Two girl-journalists were sitting at tea together in a club which that order frequent, when one asked of the other:

"Whatchu wankin' in to-day—pars?"

"Not me! I'm on puffs for adders," replied the other!

Shall it be explained that "Whatchu wankin'" stood for "What are you writing?" that "pars" was a saving of time on paragraphs; and that "adders" was merely the economising of strain to the vocal chords on "advertisers"? This is a form of terminology borrowed from the undergraduate of a few years back, who turned the Martyrs' Memorial into the "maggars' memmeger," and spoke of his sufferings from "indaggers" (indigestion) caused by eating "soggers" (sausages) for "brekker" (breakfast). Now that the Oxford undergraduate has dropped this peculiar habit the girl of the period appears to have taken it up.

The invariable formula of one lady when inviting her friends to tea is, "Come and have a drink with me to-morrow afternoon!" If it is a written invitation, it comes in full. When given in conversation it condenses itself into "Cumenav a drink with me."

"Gotny cash on you?" asked another girl of a friend she met, from whom she wanted small change for a sovereign. Presumably it was much easier than "Have you any money with you?"

Health Enquiries.

"Not so grand—feel a bit rocky" is the response to "How are you?" "All iky, thanks," occurs in the same connection; the meaning is not perfectly clear, and I am not sure of the spelling of "iky." "Oh, just a bit off tint," is another of the health replies.

"Not much fat in that job," is a common comment on unremunerative work. "A bit too rooking" signifies "too expensive." "I'm not going to be had" and "I'm not having any" are intimations that the lady is a great deal too acute to be taken in by anyone, and are probably equivalent to Ada Reeve's chorus in "The School Girl" of "The Lady wasn't taking any fruit!"

Quaintly again falls the rebuke of one lady to the other in the formula, "Well, I wouldn't have done that! It isn't classy! Why don't you try to be more toffish?"

"Jolly hot stuff" is a schoolgirl's appreciation of her story-book. And a shop in New Oxford-street is now decorating its latest novelties with "Slick"! English failed them first, and they fell back upon French. Now even French is insufficient for their requirements, and they are falling back on "slick." Does anyone know where they found it?

No Time for More.

"On her own responsibility" or "on her own initiative" long since degenerated into "off her own bat"! We haven't time for even that now; it takes quite as long as such busy women can spare to say "on her own bat," which has even found its way into print; while conversationally it is rarely more than "out-onerown"!

"Does herself well" has grown as common as it is hideous; "caught on," "cotton to," "scored," "got left" are only a few more of the same order.

Once Ruskin wrote: "And here, please, note the essential vulgarity of being in a hurry." I wonder how our present dialect would have impressed him?

The vulgarity of our hurried, abbreviated, pronounless writing is no less than that of our conversation, in which all the words are run into one, and half the syllables left out.

"Hope see you Bond-street" is a fine phrase when you look at it, and consider the amount of valuable time that has been saved by omitting to write five letters!

I received a post-card the other day which really was a triumph of economy. In the first place it ought to have been a letter, so the cost of an envelope and a halfpenny stamp was saved. Then five personal pronouns were left out, and eleven words were abbrevi-

ated! It always saves an immense amount of time to say "Thought of coming" instead of "I thought of coming." And if you leave out the "i" of all the words that terminate in "ing" and the "ou" of all the words that end with "ould"—well, of course, you don't feel nearly so tired at the end of the day!

Even Hurry in Church.

We haven't time to speak properly even in church. I know a clergyman who never delivers those phrases of the Litany that commence with "That it may please Thee" otherwise than "Thamy-please Thee"! Never by any chance are the parishioners allowed the rest. As the phrase occurs just twenty times, it would be interesting to know what useful work is done in the valuable time thus saved!

But forsake the clergyman, and give your attention to the neighbour on either side of you during the responses, and especially through the "Gloria" and the "Our Father." Try to discover what they say. In most cases it is wholly unrecognisable, and in very few, indeed, is it even coherent sense!

Did you ever hear of the little child who asked its father what he meant by "suffered on a bunch of spiders" in the Apostles' Creed? What he meant to say was, of course, "suffered under Pontius Pilate." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" even!

Yet it isn't intentional irreverence; it is simply bad manners!

A WIFELY PARADISE.

Speaking generally of the books that are turned out in this age of rapid production and slipshod writing, we should say that we have

£100 HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

MORE RADIUM AND GOLD AWAITING SOME TREASURE SEEKER!

Mr. GOLDEN PHIPPS ... A bored millionaire. Lord EGBERT MOUNTJOY His secretary: with ideas.

Mr. Golden Phipps, the millionaire, who, only ten days ago, was a confirmed misanthrope, and was now as light-hearted as a schoolboy, had left the conduct of the Treasure Hunt entirely in the hands of Lord Egbert Mountjoy.

His lordship had not enjoyed the upbringing of a commercial man, and, as was only to be expected, he was perfectly innocent of hard work.

The institution of the treasure hunt, however, had given him an insight into human affairs, which he was not likely ever to forget. Before, he had not even suspected that the spine of the Empire was made up of ladies and gentlemen who seemed to care less about their own personal comfort than they did of winning a good stake by a trial of skill. And the fact had considerably opened his lordship's eyes.

He was surprised to find, for instance, that people sought to decipher the *Daily Mirror* puzzles ere breakfast had been served in their homes, and that sheafs of telegrams were, as was the case last week, being poured into the office ere the machines had cooled from printing the morning's issue of the paper.

To-day, for the first time, the young nobleman's munificent master, Mr. Phipps, took a personal interest in the Radium and Gold Treasure Hunt which was being run for his amusement, and at his own expense. His noble secretary was becoming harassed with the details.

There were many things to be thought of and settled each day, and as the seeing to these matters necessitated hard work, the creative genius of the handsome young Oxonian, clever as he had proved himself as the originator of the *Daily Mirror* Treasure Hunt, fell short of what was required. The millionaire came to his rescue.

"You are looking tired, Mountjoy," said Mr. Phipps, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Not at all—not at all. Only one feels a little jaded, doncherknow, from constant attendance at the office of the journal our—I mean your—treasure hunt is running in. Every solution must be read very carefully, and the preparation for the next day's hidden test and the disposal of the letters or figures of the same, all require a certain amount of mental and physical strain as well."

"You must take care, my dear Mountjoy, not to exercise your brain too much. There's no telling what might happen. I don't want to lose my secretary and friend yet awhile. Some brains have a knack of getting over-ripe, and then they go in at the top. Have a care, good Egbert. Your brain is my landmark just now. Can I help you?"

"There's no virtue like necessity."

"True, Egbert, but the ripest fruit falls first. I will scatter the letters through the paper to-night. My pilgrimage here on earth, as a poor, miserable millionaire, who, a few days ago only, almost hated the sight of the very dawn of day, has now somewhat of ear-

to pay for our romance with the sacrifice of our literary sense. Of course, Stevenson raised romance from the level of second-rate schoolboy fiction to that of true literature; but few writers have kept it there.

Mr. Sidney Pickering, however, has given us a real romance in his latest book, "The Key of Paradise" (Arnold, 6s.), and has managed to infuse it with the right literary feeling as well. The story passes in Italy, at the time of the Bonaparte wars, though there is very little historical detail to hamper the incident. History is only drawn upon sufficiently to furnish the principal characters—an Italian Prince, his wife, and her would-be lover, an English captain—and to enable the action to pass first in Rome and then in the lonely castle of San Cataldo, and to make it possible for the Prince to be shut up in his own castle by brigands and to be rescued from it by his enemy, the captain.

For the rest, history has nothing to do with the story. The interest of the reader is centred on the love of the little Princess for her husband and on the thrilling events that end in convincing him that she does not care a button for the Englishman, but has worshipped him all through the years in which he never thought of her seriously at all.

With its refreshing lack of drivelling sentiment and its wholesome romance, "The Key to Paradise" should find many readers who still possess the literary sense.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE WORLD MASTERS (A Sensational Story.) By George Griffith. John Long.
THE RISING GENERATION. (By the Author of "An English Girl in Paris.") By Constance Maad. Smith, Elder.
THE LONG NIGHT. (An Historical Story.) By Stanley Weyman. Longmans.

nest in it. So shines a good deed in a tire-some world."

"But you musn't go to the office—"
"No, not as the Golden Phipps. I will go as your deputy. I should like to see the inside of a daily newspaper office. What do you propose doing next?"

"I think the next hidden text should be a quotation. This is the one I propose."
Lord Egbert here held up a scrap of paper on which were written the words of the sentence.

"H'm—well, isn't it a difficult one?"
"No, not when a tube of Radium and £100 in gold are at stake."

"All right. I'll get it in, Mountjoy."

MISSING

CERTAIN SENTENCES, MOTTOES, QUOTATIONS, PHRASES, Etc.!

£100 in Gold and a Tube of Radium Offered for Their Discovery.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described in the above columns, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date will be found a number of letters. These will be found in paragraphs, news, and advertisements.

When discovered and placed together, the same form a well-known quotation.

A similar distribution of letters will be made daily, in each case forming, when placed in proper order, a sentence, a message, a quotation or phrase, as the case may be.

Readers are requested to note that solutions to each day's puzzle must not be posted before Saturday next. On no account are solutions to be posted or wired to the *Daily Mirror* before Saturday. Keep them all together till that day, when full particulars will appear in these columns.

The Tube of Radium and the Sum of One Hundred Pounds in Cash will reward the Treasure Hunter who first succeeds in discovering and deciphering the whole of the six hidden tests which will appear in the *Daily Mirror* during the current week. It may be that no one will succeed in unearthing each day's test, and in that case the Radium and the Gold will be handed to the reader who heads the list.

Here are three points to bear in mind:—One test will appear each day.

Solutions may only be written on the coupons which will appear from day to day in the *Daily Mirror*.

No solutions are to be posted singly or collectively till Saturday next, when final directions will be published in these columns.

I What will be Hidden To-morrow?

DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

BITTER COMPLAINTS FROM THE "CHATELLE" OF THE HOME.

THOUGH most mistresses have noticed that the ordinary servant does a good deal of letter-writing, they probably suppose that the correspondence is addressed to quite a different destination from a newspaper office. Yet the stream of letters from domestic servants which has flowed into this office since they became a subject of discussion is so large that it seems as if writing to the papers must be their ordinary hobby.

Some of the letters confirm the belief of "the Man in the House" in the high education of the modern servant. Others do not. But in almost all the letters there is a singular unanimity. The mistress, they agree, is an undesirable person.

It is true that a very large proportion of the authors remark that they themselves have always been lucky in their mistresses, but, in general, etc. Which suggests that a good deal of the indignation is born of a constitutional taste for grievances. But it must be admitted that some of them have reason to complain.

The Ceaseless Work.

Writes one, more indignantly than grammatically:—"A servant is on, say, from 7 a.m. to 10 at night, sometimes no peace at meal time, and when you do get to bed, after finishing up and settling everything in the bedrooms, to be suddenly called up after you're in bed—Would you get me so and so?"

"Couldn't give their orders before! Oh, no; it doesn't matter; So-and-so must get up and get it."

This, indeed, the absence of "time to ourselves," is the text on which many have been eloquent. One complains that she has no time to make her clothes; several that they have no time to read. Another writes the seemingly self-contradictory complaint, "I never have time to write a letter."

"Just you fancy what a lady would say were she kept in a whole week, with nothing but work, and even when the daily work is done, to have to sit down to needlework," is a lament from Kensington.

"Domestic Chattels."

The "Man in the House" who objects to regarding a servant as a "domestic chattel" is generally regarded as the ideal of "a perfect gentleman." Alas! that so few mistresses are like him.

"I think the 'Man in the House' has got nearer the truth than anyone else," writes "Victoria-street." "The general opinion among girls of the working class is that being a servant is much lower than anything else; and the majority of mistresses think we never require anything beyond one evening a week and one Sunday a fortnight."

But if "The Man in the House" is all he ought to be, there are a number of other men in other houses who are not. One titled householder, briefly but forcibly described as a "horror," is accused of spending his time in devising extra work for the servant.

Yet another complaint touches upon the vexatious question of church on Sunday. "There are some ladies," says the complainant, "who persist in your going to church. At one house I know breakfast about 10 to 10.30 a.m. Sunday morning. As soon as the bedroom is free, up you race to get it done (grates and all), and what you can't do leave for the other maid to finish, and her own work to do. You go up to dress for church, and, should you go, arrive there about 11.30. Is it not better to have time to dress and go out in the fresh air just for an hour? That is the only thing that gentry cannot take away, and that is fresh air."

The Man's Fault.

Even some of the mistresses are of opinion that their husbands are chiefly responsible for the servant difficulty. "Lady of the House" writes from Watford:—"It is my experience that the master is the first to complain when that perfection fails that the mistress is girded at for requiring—if the meals are ill-cooked, unpunctual, the table not kept in its accustomed order, the maids not neat and smart, and his shaving-water not hot."

But on the whole the servants regard the mistress as the person to blame. "A man when he scolds, he's finished, but a lady will nag, fling it up in your face every chance she gets. Only the other day three times was I called up from dinner to fetch something for my lady. We have our faults, I know, but there's no need for to bully anyone."

One or two minor points that have arisen in the correspondence have given great offence below stairs. "A lady who objects to her servant sitting when being engaged must be a very arbitrary woman. It is always the custom for a lady to sit and then the maid, or it has been in my own case."

Of possible remedies for the trouble there are few valuable suggestions. The general demand is for more liberty, less work, and less "nagging."

A Watford correspondent, who signs herself "The Lady of the House," gets very close to the root of the problem when she says:—"I cannot understand how everyone does not see that the real secret is the changing state of society. More people than ever require servants, yet the respectable working classes are sufficiently prosperous for their women not to need to go into domestic service."

COUPON No. 2.

The hidden words in the "Daily Mirror" for Tuesday (December 15) are as follows:—

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THE KING AND QUEEN IN TOWN.

The King, who has spent the last few days very quietly in town, is going to-day to Windsor to shoot over the royal preserves. His Majesty will come back this evening, and will repeat his visit on Thursday. On Friday there will be an Investiture at Buckingham Palace, when the Birthday Honours will be ratified.

The Queen, whose visit to London was delayed on account of the fire at Sandringham last week, is expected in town early to-day. The object of her Majesty's visit is to complete her Christmas shopping, and she will probably remain at Buckingham Palace until the beginning of next week, when the King will accompany her back to Sandringham for Christmas.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is, early this week, leaving her residence at Farnborough Hill, Hampshire, for her villa at Cap Martin, on the French Riviera. This royal lady lives a retired life at Farnborough Hill, and is surrounded by a small and exclusive circle comprised of English, French, and Spanish friends and sympathisers. She is deeply religious, and in her leisure hours, occupies herself with fancy needlework, and with playing patience in the evening. The house contains much beautiful furniture, many fine pictures, and some very precious tapestries.

Lord Roos of Belvoir, the only son of Lord and Lady Granby, has returned from Eton, and is laid up with bronchitis at his parents' house in Arlington-street. Lord Granby and Lady Marjorie Manners are at Belvoir, where the Duke of Rutland has a shooting party.

A good many people will be sorry to learn that Lord Westmorland has decided to sell

in the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, on Saturday afternoon, Lord Rosebery looked into the Royal Arch Hall, where Lady Tweedmouth, president, and ladies of the Liberal Social Council were holding a reception, attended by quite 800 people, many of whom were prominent members of the party. Lady Tweedmouth, dressed in dark blue with some large pearls, gave a cordial welcome to all who came. Lord Dalmeny came with his father. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were there, Lady Aberdeen in dark red with black; Lady Marjorie Gordon, in grey; and Lord Haddo, as well as Mr. Dudley Gordon. Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson in a dark toilette with white, Miss Ainsworth in pale blue, who came with her father, Lady Glen-Coats, who accompanied Sir Thomas and wore an Indian red costume, Miss Flora Stevenson, a popular Edinburgh woman Liberal; Dr. Elise Inglis, one of the best of our speakers, and, indeed, a host of interesting people looked in during the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James have a party at Coton House, their place near Rugby, this week, and to-day and to-morrow are giving an amateur performance of "The Manceuvres of Jane." Among the guests are Mr. and Mrs. William James, Sir William and Lady Young, Mr. and Mrs. Ailwyn Fellows, Mr. Leo Trevor, Sir Hubert Miller, and Mr. Ponsonby.

Captain Gerald Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford's nephew), who served with distinction in South Africa, has met with a sad accident. He was out shooting with a party in Ireland, when he was shot in the eye, and it was found it was so much damaged that it has had to be removed.

Lord and Lady Tollemache have taken Maybury, near Woking, for the winter season. The Tollemache family is noted as being an ancient Saxon race, and as having enjoyed an unbroken male succession in the county of Suffolk since the early days of the Saxon settlement in England. An old rhyme goes:

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my dwelling-place and Tollemache was my name."

Lord Tollemache owns Peckforton Castle, Cheshire, and Helmingham Hall, Suffolk. At the latter residence is a drawbridge, which has been raised and lowered for many hundreds of years.

The marriage which takes place to-day between Mrs. Herbert Oakley and Colonel Douglas Dawson, his Majesty's Master of Ceremonies, is the crowning of a romance which began on the river during what we, in spite of its torrential rains, politely termed "the summer." Colonel Dawson, though still what in these days is called a young man, has had a distinguished and varied military and diplomatic career. Mrs. Oakley is noted amongst other things for her linguistic talent. French is as much her mother-tongue as English, for, the daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Pirie, of Château de Varennes, she was brought up in France—a valuable preparation for the position she is about to occupy as wife of a high Court official.

Lady Winnington, who met with such a terrible motor accident a few weeks since, has now returned to her flat in Albert Gate Mansions, and is giving some pleasant Bridge dinners. She was Miss Jane Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the late Lord Alfred Spencer-Churchill, and is a relation of the Duke of Marlborough. She is a very pretty woman, and looks like the sister of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Fletcher. Sir Francis and Lady Winnington are both keen motorists, and have more than once motored from London to Caithness, where they had rented a grouse-moor for the autumn shooting. Next season Lady Winnington will bring out her only unmarried daughter, Miss Iris Winnington.

The followers of Lord Galway's hounds had very good sport yesterday. The meet was at Gringley-on-the-Hill, and a fox was found in the Gorse hard by, which gave the Hunt a

splendid gallop of forty minutes before scent was lost. Between Mattersey and Gringley another pacemaker was discovered. At Gringley Gorse he was headed, and turning down Gringley Carrs he swung through Wiseton Park, making towards Mattersey Abbey. Before sacrificing his brush in the open near Mattersey he had given hounds a capital run of an hour and thirty minutes.

Lady Helen Forbes gave birth to a daughter on Friday at Banknock House, Castlecrey, in Stirlingshire. Lady Helen, who is the only sister of Lord Craven, is a very well-known writer, and has published several books, besides many newspaper and magazine articles. Her husband, Captain Ian Forbes, who is in the Gordon Highlanders, is the eldest son of Colonel John Forbes, of Rothiemay.

This week is always one of the very fullest and busiest in London, and the West End has never been more crowded than it was yesterday. Piccadilly was full, but in Bond-street and Regent-street the traffic was chaotic. Princess Christian, wearing an astrakhan coat with violets in a black toque, was driving with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. She appeared to be quite enjoying several enforced waits, for she waved her hand to several friends as they drove by in the most cheery way. The Duc d'Orleans, who came up to town for the week-end, was out and about, as were also Captain Milligan, and Mr. Jolliffe, of the Scots Guards, who is now stationed at the Tower. Lady Hood in black, with a plumed picture hat, was with her daughter, Miss Dolly Hood; Lady Gerard had her brother, Mr. Milner, and Miss Ethel Gerard with her. Lady Mar and Kellie looked a picture in grey, with chinchilla furs and brightening touches of green. On foot were Mrs. Hall Walker, Lady Sandhurst, and Miss Hilda Chichester. Lady Banbury, well wrapped up, was in a closed brougham; Miss Violet Monckton, wearing a big dark blue hat, was alone in a motor brougham, and Julia Lady Tweeddale occupied a hansom.

There were many luncheon parties at Willis's yesterday. Lord and Lady Essex, the latter in black, with a fur coat, were with a big party, which included Mrs. Harry Bourke, in dark blue, Lady St. Oswald, in black, with a pale blue blouse, and M. de Soveral. Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, in brown, was lunching with Miss Muriel Wilson, looking very handsome in brown, with grapes on a brown hat; Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quinn, in black, was with her father, Lord Dunraven; Mrs. Ian Malcolm, wearing dark blue, with a white hat, was with her husband; while Lord Rosmore, Count Mensdorff, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Elcho, Baron de Forest, and Mr. Stuart-Wortley, were among some of the men there.

Mr. and Lady Margaret Levett are leaving London this week to spend the winter on the Riviera.

The Women's Local Government Society gave their first public dinner last night at the Trocadero Restaurant, when Lady Strachey presided. Amongst those present were Lady Lockyer, Lady Davey, Lady Helmsley, Lady Foster, Lady Critchett, Lady Owen Roberts, Lady William Lennox, Mrs. Jopling Gerard, Mrs. Ayerton, and Miss Cave, the would-be barrister. Lady Aberdeen, who intended to be present, was prevented by a heavy cold, and Lady Londonderry, Lady Frances Balfour, and the Lady Mayoress were also unable to attend. After dinner Lady Strachey made an eloquent appeal for help and support. She spoke of the society's work as "civilisation fighting against barbarism with one hand tied," because although the co-operation of women was so necessary for the amelioration of many of the social evils of the day, they were in so many cases debarred from helping in this work for which women were peculiarly adapted.

Lord Bandon hopes to conclude immediately the sale of his extensive estates in co. Cork, where he owns about 40,000 acres. He is one of the most popular landlords in the south of Ireland, and has always been on cordial terms with his tenants, who extracted from him a promise that he would continue to live among them.

The story that the boy King of Spain was coldly received in Lisbon has far from being corroborated by a Portuguese correspondent, who tells me that "hearty cheers were raised as Alfonso XVII. jumped lightly out of the carriage and was met by the Portuguese King, who warmly embraced him." "The King of Spain," my correspondent adds, "is tall, thin, and very sallow, with large melancholy black eyes; but a singularly pleasing

expression when he smiles. He appeared slightly embarrassed, and just a trifle gauche on finding himself amidst so many strangers, himself the centre of attraction and hero of the day. He seemed to look for guidance and approval to the high Spanish dignitaries who accompany him, and to whom he repeatedly turned during the long reception at the station."

Lord Lamington, who has just taken up his office as Governor of Bombay, in succession to Lord Northcote, has a great charm of manner, and reminds one in this particular of his father, the late Lord Lamington, one of the most popular men in Society, who will, perhaps, be better remembered as Cochrane-Battle. The present Lord Lamington made himself very popular during the six years he was Governor of Queensland. He entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales there after the inauguration of the Commonwealth Parliament, and among the entertainments provided at that time was an exhibition of riding on Australian buck-jumpers. Lord Lamington was striving to keep on a vicious beast, when the Prince called out to him, "Take off your coat, Lamington."

"Lucy Glitters" wires from Melton:—"The Quorn met at Ab-Kettleby yesterday. Scent was very bad, and the entire day was spent in the vicinity of Grimston, Warr



Mr. R. E. FOSTER, who has the proud distinction of having made the record score of 287 runs in the first test match against the Australians. (Photo by Hills & Saunders.)

naby, and Saxelby. Luckily the weather was deliciously warm, more like April than December, so that riding slowly about was quite an agreeable pastime. The Duchess of Newcastle, Colonel and Mrs. R. Muir, Colonel and Mrs. W. Lawson, Colonel Baldock, Mrs. Asquith, Captain and Mrs. R. Sheriffe, Captain Spender Clay, and many more were out. Everyone was glad to hear that Mr. Cradock, who broke his leg on Saturday whilst hunting with the Cottesmore, was progressing favourably.

Lord Shaftesbury's singing will be quite a feature at the concert which Lady Mary Howard is having at the Bechstein Hall on Thursday afternoon in aid of the poor of London. He has a light tenor voice of charming quality, which he uses with admirable skill, and his songs are always well chosen. When he and his sister, Lady Maud Warrender, are together they go in a good deal for duets, and often delight their friends by giving an informal concert after dinner.

Lord Shaftesbury has inherited much of the kindness for which his grandfather, "the Good Lord Shaftesbury," was famous, and it gives him genuine pleasure to help in any good cause. Some years ago, when with his regiment in Cork, he organised a concert at a local hospital, which was a great success owing to his efforts. It was to this hospital the famous dog "Leo" (well known at London dog shows) belonged, and at Lord Shaftesbury's suggestion the concert was given on "Leo's" birthday.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Isabel Innes-Ker are in town. They came up at the end of the week to meet the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe on their arrival, and are very busy with Christmas shopping.

Few people can write fairy plays nowadays. It is true there is not a great demand for them; but they offer a charming field for the writer with fancy and a poetic touch. Both these qualities are to be found in the work of Miss Netta Syrett, who is to have three of her fairy plays produced by "distinguished amateurs" on the afternoons of January 13 and 14 at the Albert Hall Theatre. The titles of the pieces are "In Arcady," "The Gift of the Fairies," and "The Dream-lady." Music has been specially composed for them by Mr. Dalhousie Young, and dances arranged by Miss Cowper-Coles. The proceeds are to be given to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Tickets may be obtained at the box office, Albert Hall, or from Mrs. Stanley Bligh, 23, Grosvenor-road, S.W.



The future master of Apethorpe Hall—Cecil, son of Lady Violet Brassey. (Sketch by J. S. Knight.)

his historic mansion of Apethorpe, with which the family has been associated for so long. Lady Westmorland also will greatly feel the loss of her beautiful country home, for, like her sisters, Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland, she is devoted to outdoor life and gardening. The new owner of Apethorpe is Mr. Leonard Brassey, the good-looking sportsman nephew of Lord Brassey, whose marriage to Lady Violet Gordon-Lennox took place about the same time as that of Lord March to Miss Hilda Brassey.

Apethorpe is one of the finest Elizabethan houses in the kingdom. It was built by the Virgin Queen's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, and to him the world also owes Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Many British Sovereigns have stayed at Apethorpe, and even comparatively lately great state was kept up at the place, for the Countess of the tenth Earl of Westmorland was the daughter and heiress of Child, the banker. Of the later-day Fanes, three are popular hostesses—the one being Lady Londesborough, another Lady Margaret Spicer, and the third being Lady Rose Weigall.

Lady Violet Brassey, who so often helped her grandfather, the late Duke of Richmond, to do the honours of his country house, will be a worthy successor to Lady Westmorland, the more so as she is a very keen horsewoman and very fond of every form of outdoor life and exercise. Her eldest son, little Cecil Henry Brassey, who is seven years old, now becomes the heir to two great places, Apethorpe and Preston Hall. Lord Westmorland's eldest son, Lord Burghersh, is three years older.

The following has reached me from Edinburgh:—"After addressing a monster meeting



Apethorpe Hall, the beautiful Northamptonshire seat of the Earl of Westmorland, which has just been sold to the Hon. Leonard Brassey.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.

TO-NIGHT AT 9.
 Preceded at 8.30 by SHADERS OF NIGHT.
 MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, AT 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, AT 8.15.
 (Last 5 nights) Shakespeare's (Last 5 nights)
 KING RICHARD NEXT AT 2.15.

SPECIAL MATINEES ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 22, 23, 24, at 2.15.
 Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open to sell—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, AT 8.30.
 MONSIEUR BEAUCOIRE.

Box-office open 10.10.
 IMPERIAL MATINEES.

In consequence of the great demand for seats there will be MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY as well as SATURDAY.
 WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. NOTICE.

This Theatre will be CLOSED ON MONDAY, Dec. 21, until SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 26, when the run of MONSIEUR BEAUCOIRE will be continued.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.

WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY.
 MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
 The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed on MONDAY, Jan. 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash—Cathpole and Williams, 510, Cockspur Street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

MOST divinely tall and fair, "Hilde's Cutlers" wave her pretty hair.

HILDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style cutture.

REGENT'S HAIR DYE—Undetectable by one's best friend.

ELECTORS of Dulwich and Penge. Vote today for Rutherford Harris and support Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

ROUND THE CLOCK WITH A SOCIETY.

WOMAN. BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.
 PRIME MINISTERS I HAVE KNOWN.
 BY H. W. LUCY ("Toby, M.P.).

THE FIRST OF A STRIKING NEW SERIES OF ROMANCES BY ARTHUR MORRIS, entitled:

"THE GREEN EYE OF GOONA."

CONTRIBUTIONS BY TOM GALLON, THE AUTHOR OF "WEE MACGREGOR," H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON, AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS APPEAR IN THE

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YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, when properly repaired they answer in full the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workmen for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets free.

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A. B. C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

LATEST EDITION (11th). This popular work is the handiest and most complete booklet published on Stock Exchange matters. A copy will be sent free, post free, to any address on application to Publishers, A.B.C. Guide to Stock Exchange, 51, Birch-lane, Manchester.

BIRTHS.

BEVAN—On the 11th inst., at The Cottage, Nutfield, Surrey, the wife of William Bevan, of a son.

COLTMAN—On the 12th inst., at Beaumont Lodge, New Barnet, the wife of A. C. Coltmann, of a daughter.

DAVIS—On Nov. 16, at The Dingle, Honolulu, the wife of George F. Davis, of a son.

KEMP—On the 8th inst., at Auchincrye, Rothiemay, the wife of Charles Kemp, of a daughter.

THORPE—On Dec. 14, at 45, Wheeley-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, the wife of Lewis John Sturge, of a son.

SWEETMAN—On Dec. 6, at 47, Marston-square, Dublin, the wife of John Sweetman, of Drumcarrah, Kildare, of a son.

WALKER—On the 11th inst., at Barley Vicarage, Leeds, the wife of Rev. David Walker, M.A., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

NEWTON-BEWLETT—On the 12th inst., at St. Paul's Church, Beckenham, the Rev. D. W. Barrett, Rector of Barnet, assisted by the Rev. Canon Hammond and the late John Newton, of Sunderland, and of Mrs. Storey, of Parton House, Bewickshire, to Muriel Alice, second daughter of John Hewlett, of Hillside House, Beckenham.

OSBORNE-GOODSON—On the 10th inst., at St. Bartholomew's Church, Armin, Leeds, by the Rev. David Alexander, Vicar of Gildersome, William Alexander, youngest son of the Rev. Henry Osborne, M.A., formerly of Holywood, C. Down, and Edith Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Goodson, of Armin.

SALVENSEN-MILLER—On the 10th inst., at Belmont Church, Hillhead, Glasgow, by the Rev. D. W. Barrett, D.D., assisted by the Rev. J. Fraser Grahame, B.D., Major Charles Salvesen, and Miss Agnes Wingate, eldest daughter of the late Robert Miller, of 1, Lilybank-terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.

DEATHS.

BABY—On the 12th inst., at 11, Poplar-grove, Shepherd's-bush-road, W., Clara Julie, only daughter of Colonel D. A. Baber, aged 15.

GALLIE—On Dec. 9, at Brighton, after many years' suffering, Margaret Lockhart, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. A. Lockhart, aged 15.

GRAVES—On the 12th inst., at Southsea, Belle, widow of the late Ryves W. Graves, F.R.C.S.E., of Gloucester, aged 70.

JOY—On Dec. 12, Samuel Joy, Priest, M.A., Vicar of Maidstone, Heron, Canon of Canterbury, and Rural Dean of Sutton, aged 70.

MACDONALD—On the 28th inst., at Preston Manor, near Brighton, the Rev. Canon Macdonald, widower of William Stanford of Preston Manor, and of Captain Macdonald, 1910, aged 75.

MORSE—On Sunday, Dec. 6, at Gale Lodge, Ambleside, in her 85th year, Margaret Anna Morse, the last surviving daughter of John Morse, of Swadham, in the county of Norfolk.

RANSBOMM—On the 12th inst., at her residence, 24, Marlborough-gate, Dover, Emily Ransbom, youngest daughter of the late J. R. Ransbom, formerly Captain 1st Lancs.

ROIT—On the 9th inst., at Bayman Manor, Chesham, Sarah, widow of John Roit, of Osleworth Park, Gloucestershire, Esquire, and eldest daughter of the late John Osborne, of Lincoln's Inn, Q.C., aged 67.

RUSSELL—On the 10th inst., at Layham Rectory, near Hadleigh, Suffolk, the Rev. Henry Russell, B.D., 19 years Rector of the parish, Rural Dean, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, aged 81. Funeral at Layham, at 2.45 p.m., on Wednesday, the 16th inst.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
 2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
 45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
 TELEPHONS: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
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To subscribers abroad the rates are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped address envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Jurywomen.

It appears that yet another spirited and talented lady is determined to apply for admission to the Bar. This is Miss Ivy Williams, of Oxford, who has already passed seven law examinations, besides that for the Doctor of Laws degree of London University. This career is in itself sufficient to show that Miss Williams is in no way the victim of a mere craze. None the less, in view of the policy pursued by the Judges in Miss Cave's case, we doubt whether Miss Williams is doing the best possible thing for the cause of woman's representation in the law courts, by continuing to hammer at the astutely closed door. She is credited with having said that she wishes the question thoroughly discussed. Unfortunately, the members of the legal profession have already proved themselves far too cowardly to offer any opportunity for such discussion. Nevertheless, even from the few and feeble arguments they have vouchsafed, one may glean a very cogent suggestion regarding a matter of really greater importance than the admission of women to the Bar. They have said that a jury of "susceptible" men would be unduly affected by the pleadings of a lady-barrister. Very well. But if juries would be thus affected by a lady-barrister, then it stands to reason that they are thus affected by a lady-witness or by a lady-litigant. We are therefore to believe that the cause of justice can go awry for the sake of a pretty face, a faltering voice, a tear, or even, perhaps, a smile. Who has a right, then, to speak of the notion of lady-barristers as "farical"? Surely the farce exists in the present method by which a dozen men, as foolish and weak as they confess themselves to be, are allowed to give decisions in matters like divorce and breach of promise. It is a farce which shows quite obviously that if the lady-barrister is not possible yet, the presence of sensible married women in the jury box is not only possible, but eminently necessary.

WHERE "EVERY ONE OF SOMEBODY."

An amusing little sidelight on the difference between the American and the English temperament is thrown by some confessions recently made on the part of the editor of the American edition of "Who's Who?" The English editor, it will be remembered, upon the first publication of that roll of fame, found considerable difficulty in getting distinguished people to write out their little autobiographies, or even to fill up a simple list of public achievements. Far otherwise has been the American experience. Positive cartloads of sprightly script appear to have arrived at the office. In one case, indeed, it seems that a well-known old gentleman, with a distinguished "ante-bellum" record, went so far as to send his contribution in instalments, a chapter or two arriving every Monday morning. When all is said and done, Uncle Jonathan has little reason to regret this belief that he is an important person in the

world. To a great extent it has made him one. Our so-called modesty is in a large measure mere phlegm, our reticence has laziness at the back of it, and our privacy has a good deal to do with our hypocrisy. Indeed, one cannot help admiring rather than otherwise a certain American celebrity who is said to have sent, in addition to the details of his career, a list of his ten children, adding: "Put that in. I'm with the President on this race-suicide question." He was a citizen, that father; and his philosophy is not to be ignored.

FOLLOW THE CIGAR!

At first sight there is something convincing as well as astonishing about the story of a lady of the unfortunately suggestive name of Raving, who claims to have discovered a new cure for face disorders in cigar smoke. Miss Raving found that by "exposing her face several times daily to the smoke of burning cigars" she managed to cure herself of an inflammation of the face. Miss Raving avers that the idea came to her through hearing of the preservation of meat by fumigation. This is really too gross. We would not ask any lady to consider her face as a chump cook. But, in any case, why waste a good cigar? Surely anything would do—brown paper, or even a twopenny "whiff." As a matter of fact, we suspect Miss Raving of keeping something back. She does not tell us who was smoking the cigar. Surely everything depends upon that. To tell the truth, we have known of some cases, almost similar, in which the actual presence of the cigar proved quite unnecessary. We have known of ladies who, by exposing their face several times a day merely to the lappet of a smoking-jacket, have managed to cure the most serious affection of the heart. Nay, more, difficult though it is to believe, we would adventure the statement that the miracle could be worked even without the smoking-jacket!

THE 19th OF DECEMBER.

The Last Days of the "Times" "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

As the hour approaches wherein the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" will descend to the normal level of a work purchasable at an ordinary bookseller's, the "Times" offices grow busier and busier. With every day the belated, the hesitant, the close-fisted, and other late-comers, who have put off their purchase to the latest possible moment, grow in number. With every day the groans of the postmen who stagger into Printing House-square increase in volume. Piteous passers-by and anti-visitationists look in to see the cause of all this dole. The Encyclopaedia is selling—
 —is selling by the ton.
 On the fateful 19th a timekeeper will stand watch in hand waiting the stroke of midnight. Then the doors will close, and the struggling multitude will struggle no longer. The "Times" Encyclopaedia will have passed away into the dim regions of history.

Telegrams bearing the fatal date will hold, however; as will letters, provided the supply of Encyclopaedias be equal to the demand. The next morning £57 in cash alone will move the coveted volumes.

So far more than 50,000 sets of the Encyclopaedia are in circulation, and the record day's orders passed £31,000. The wood used in forwarding the volumes would easily serve as a packing-case for St. Paul's and the dentist's establishment across the way, and we can very readily credit the statement that £300,000 has already been spent in advertisements.

Statistics are being prepared showing the relative distribution of the volumes, and it has already been ascertained that the Encyclopaedia rate in Brighton is fifty-four per thousand of the population; in Cambridge fifty-two; in Bournemouth forty-seven; in Oxford thirty-nine; while Glasgow and Liverpool come last with eighteen and seventeen respectively.

Fifteen homes are now open in Minford-gardens, West Kensington; in Wiltford-road, Paddington; in St. George's-road and in Saunders-road, Notting Hill; in Penge-road, South Norwood, and in Boutflower-road, Clapham Junction, S.W.

THE SCARCITY OF EMERALDS.

Mr. B. H. Brough, lecturing last night before the Society of Arts, said that in a short time emeralds would become the rarest of precious stones. Even now an emerald was worth from two to ten times as much as the diamond.

LOVE'S MELANCHOLY

SOME GLEANINGS FROM WOMEN POETS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a well-known music-hall singer—a charming woman she was!—who used to invite the gallery boys and the gallery girls to join in the refrains of her songs separately, in alternate verses. So weak, however, so thin and piping and tremulous was the feminine chorus, that she finally gave it up as a bad job. "No," she said, "the girls are no good without the boys!"

To speak frankly, one is conscious of the justice of the music-hall singer's criticism in a terrible deal of modern woman's poetry, of which we have a pretty large batch in front of us just now. There is no body in it—no concrete large imaginings. The best that one can get from the imaginative point of view is, for the most part, just little glimpses of a spring landscape or—more favourite still—a glint of autumn sunset with some sad little thought about love.

One might quote as examples many excellent trifles of this kind from a little book called "Lyrics and Unfinished Romances" (Elkin, Mathews, Is.), by Alice Edwards.

"Let things," asks she of "Twilight"—
 Let things be dreamt or guessed,
 No beauty all expressed;
 Sing neither death nor birth,
 Know neither tears nor mirth;
 Let all be dim and cool
 As deep-set forest pools,
 Lest I should wake and see
 My life's full agony.

That is all very well in a way, but it is hardly stimulating. However, if one looks for vigour elsewhere, one fails to find it. One opens hopefully, for instance, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Passion" (Gay and Bird). One comes upon this: "A Fallen Leaf."

A flaunting patch of vivid red
 That quivers in the sun;
 A windy gust,
 A grave of dust,
 The little race is run.
 Ah, me!

Were that the only one!
 Dainty, indeed! But when one is tempted to search farther in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verse—among her more solid observations upon such matters as "Bedsteads," "Individuality," "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Optimism," etc., etc.—one discovers only a certain amount of metrical ability decorating thoughts that are quite pedestrian and obvious.

In short, the first and foremost quality which marks practically every volume of woman's poetry in front of us is poverty of imagination.

"Love's Sad Sateety."

And now for the lyrical faculty as applied by the "burning Sapphos" of to-day to the one thing about which they write unceasingly, namely, Love. In this we must confess they have their demerits in comparison with the best of their masculine rivals. The women poets of to-day seem as if they positively will not write of Love until they have lost it. They write of Spring, but they must needs write about it in Winter.

Every book in front of us has this melancholy, wistful tone of regret.

Nor does this seem to be due to the fact that poetesses are incapable of loving with sufficient ardour. As a matter of fact, there are no extravagances of sentiment to which they will not reach. Gladys Schumacher, for example, in "Finger that Sleeps" (Elkin Mathews), goes so far as to say:—

My life, my Love, be all to you;
 My Soul's Religion and my God!

But the object of this remarkable affection is, alas! dead.

"Sigh no more, Ladies."

Nevertheless, while one looks in vain for love poems with any real dance of the blood in them, there is at any rate one poetess of the moment who tells of the whole course of Love, simply, naively, childishly one may say, but with a curious frankness that makes her book "A Chaplet of Love-Poems" (Bumpus)—appealing in a way of which the others cannot boast. She brings us down to earth again from all the conventional talk about souls and Spring.

We hear from her in short that man is not perfect, but that he is to be tolerated. Nay, more, he is worthy even of trust according to the "Chaplet's" authoress. Her pen-name is, it may be mentioned, Ethel M. De Fonblanque, and she confesses herself in real life to be Mrs. Arthur Harter. She sings:—

They tell me he is light of faith,
 And whispers love in every ear;
 And robs me of those words and smiles
 That only I should know or hear.
 What care I for such poor pretence,
 When he gives me love's influence?
 I know . . . I know . . .

The light of love's he trifles with
 Are nothing to his heart of heart;
 Where love of me he lavishes
 Has always dwelt a thing apart.
 How can such women count on me?
 We laugh about them, I and he.
 I know . . . I know . . .

This is, indeed, an unconventional sentiment.

None the less the attitude is infinitely more cheering than the despairing and vain lamentations over masculine infidelity which fill the pages of the average minor poetess. For her there seems to be only one piece of advice really applicable. It was tendered by one who knew, and it ran:—

Sigh no more, ladies;
 Ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 From first to last, to me and you.

THE QUEEN'S NARROW ESCAPE.



Queen Alexandra's bedroom at Sandringham in which her Majesty was sleeping when there was an outbreak of fire in the apartment immediately overhead. The Queen escaped from the room only a few moments before a large portion of the ceiling fell with a crash. Our drawing is an exact copy of a photograph taken soon after the fire.

(From a Photograph by Ralph, of Dersingham.)

A LOSS TO IRELAND.

CATTLE BREEDING AS A HOBBY FOR IRISHWOMEN.

(FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE winter Loan Exhibition, at the Royal Hibernian Academy, of pictures by the late Walter Osborne has been opened by the Lord-Lieutenant.

Though he died at the age of forty-two, so prolific was the brush of this brilliant Irishman that two large galleries had to be devoted to his pictures and sketches.

Even those whom Walter Osborne had counted amongst his friends—and they were many—and who understood the extraordinary enthusiasm of the man for his art, were surprised at the extent of this exhibition, which, nevertheless, only represented a part of what he had achieved in his short art life. Of conspicuous talent, and of a versatility rare indeed, he was equally happy in portrait, landscape, and subject pictures, while his pencil drawings were among the most charming of his works.

By his untimely death Ireland is so much the poorer.

Women as Cattle Breeders.

Dublin was crowded last week with visitors to the United Agricultural Show, and farmers and fat cattle, pigs, and prize poultry were topics of absorbing interest.

It is remarkable of late years what a fashionable craze the breeding of prize cattle and fancy fowl has become amongst women here. The wife of one of the most distinguished Irish Judges has a notable breed of Dexters, while

another woman whose gowns are the admiration of her friends discusses learnedly on the relative merits of Wyandottes and Silver Dorkings.

We had begun to fear that the Irish University question was dead, slain by the sonnet of Professor Tyrrell, which has raised such a storm in the Press. But Captain Shawe-Taylor, that specialiser in conferences, has revived our hopes. He promises us early in the new year a conference composed of six Catholics and six Protestants, the objects of which will be:—

1. To secure an equitable settlement of the Irish University question.
 2. To end sectarian animosity in Ireland.
- If anyone can solve the first problem it will be our statesmanlike Chief Secretary. The solution of the second will possibly be coeval with the Millennium.

In Ireland we have the elements of a delightful and intellectual society, were we not all too full of prejudices to meet on a common social ground. In religion we hate one another for the love of God; in politics for the love of Ireland! We delight in speaking of ourselves as a nation, but we behave like a parish. Hence the difficulty of totting up all the interesting units into an amusing social sum.

Altogether Irish!

Though many books are printed in Ireland, book printing as an art has been little practised here since the eighteenth century. It is in the hope of reviving this beautiful craft that Miss Elizabeth Yeats has established her Hand Press at Dun Emer, Co. Dublin.

She herself works the press, assisted only by some young girl apprentices, whom she is training in the art.

The last book which she has printed, "Nuts of Knowledge," a volume of poems, is a gem in its way—the paper thin and crisp, the type

clear and bold, the whole production would be creditable to the most skilled printer.

This work is shortly to be followed by an edition of 300 copies of Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht."

These books are the more interesting in that they are Irish in every detail, written by Irish authors, printed in Ireland on Irish-made paper, and bound by an Irish firm.

IN QUEST OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

History is determined to repeat itself in the matter of the early Victorian epoch, with a consistency and thoroughness totally at variance with the beautiful inconsistency of the methods usually exercised by La Mode. And the very latest recruit to this movement is to be found at Messrs. Benson's, 25, Old Bond-street, in the shape of crosses as pendants. This resuscitated trinket has, in theatrical parlance, caught on with immense success, and is in great request for Christmas gifts, the two popular styles, Latin and Maltese, fighting in gentle rivalry for first place. In company with every other bauble of like pendant nature, the cross is usually worn on one of the pretty platinum negligé chains, la Chaine de la Règne—than which we have never had a more attractive detail.

Foremost among the pioneers of this dainty, delicate necklet, the firm of Benson hold an authoritative voice in its development, and it is significant that they contrive to declare in favour of the emerald cabochon as the drop ornament par excellence.

Very Original Treatment.

A perfectly beautiful example of this Indian cut is revealed in an alliance of rubies, Orient pearls, and an extremely large nured emerald, the adjective defining a curious

native cut, which has the appearance of deep, close incisions.

Then another interesting revival here is the jewelled horseshoe brooch—a style discarded now for some quite appreciable period, while "le dernier cri" in rings is found in charming antique French designs, marquise and heart shape, a beautifully modelled stone—diamond, emerald, or ruby—forming the centre-piece, surrounded by a plethora of smaller jewels.

A Desirable Detail.

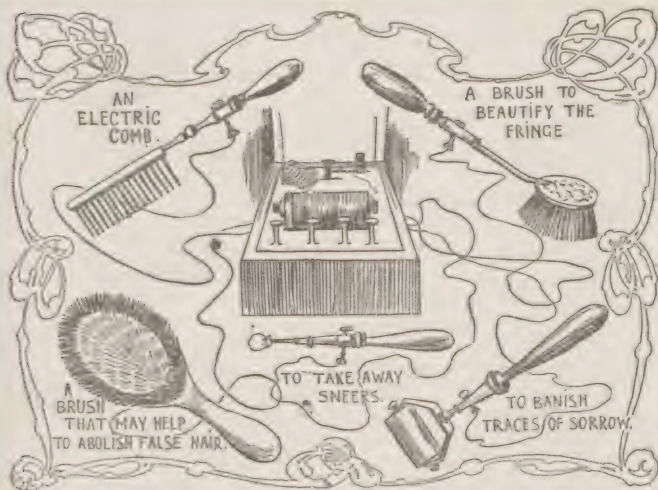
A rope of Orient pearls is quite among the desirable details of the moment, and at this Bond-street house one is privileged to make selection of these, just as they arrive in short ropes straight from native handling. In fact, it may be said with every justification that a very surfeit of exquisite Christmas seductions obtains here, to all and every one, whereof is added the attraction of purchase on the "Times" or instalment system, truly one of the greatest boons, and a triumph calculated to enhance for all time the epoch responsible for its birth.

ATTRACTIVE WARES FOR PERSIA.

Following hard upon the conclusion of Lord Curzon's tour in the Persian Gulf comes the publication of an entertaining Consular report from Resht describing for British manufacturers the goods likely to find favour with Persian ladies.

The Consul thinks that fancy satin shoes with low heels would attract their custom, as Persian ladies have small feet and do not wear boots. Coloured glass lamps, sherbet glasses, glass bowls, and flower stands—the more showy the better—would also be popular, as Persians take the greatest pleasure in contemplating niches in their walls well stocked with such ornaments.

You will find an Order Form ready for use on the front page of this paper.



The apparatus for electrical beautifying.

The Hunt After Beauty.

HOW A PRETTY GIRL SCANTILY ENDOWED WITH TRESSES ACQUIRED A CROWN OF GLORY. E

I AM Elizabeth, Anne's cousin. Anne is the girl whose complexion was beautified by a famous Bond-street specialist. Encouraged by the wonderful improvement wrought in her case, I have placed myself under another beauty doctor, who does treat the countenance, and that right cleverly, but whose renown is most great as a specialist respecting that important detail of beauty, the hair.

It is a sad pity that Anne, whose face is not strikingly pretty, should have such a glorious mane of hair, of the lovely chestnut colour that often accompanies a very pale complexion, and that I, who have, well, a distinctly lovely face, I am told, should own a supply of tresses as far below my personal requirements as my allowance is below my privities of purchasing. But thus it is. And that is why it happens that I have spent much fine gold all over Europe endeavouring to amass a veritable crown of glory, only to

larly barren of comfort when expressions of sympathy are wrung from them by girls less scantily dowered than themselves, and are actually heartless enough to say nice things about transformations being so particularly convenient. Of course they are. But at twenty, who wants to be worried with wigs? Far better is it to do as I did, namely, take



Electric brushing makes the hair look thrice its usual thickness.



Using the electrical comb.

find that in London, namely, at 5, Hanover-street, Hanover-square, the secret is really known. I remember going to a famous hair specialist in St. Petersburg, who received me and Aunt Lucille, who has been my beauty guide, philosopher, and friend just as she is Anne's, in his drawing-room, and after examining my hair in a cursory manner, uttered in Russian the one word lard. Aunt Lucille and I were at our wits' ends to know what he meant, until an interpreter arrived, who explained to us that what the Professor intended was that I was to obtain good, pure lard and rub it into my scalp (forgive the ugly word, it is necessary in this connection) every single night.

Use that lard I did, as my pillowslips proved, until mother's housekeeper complained to mother, and I was bidden to desist unless I wished to augment the laundry expenditure out of my own pocket. So lard and I parted company, and my hair was subjected to another course of treatment, I forget at this moment which, for of lotions and pomades I have tried a plethora.

I have frequently noticed that girls, like Anne, who own luxuriant manes are singu-

larly barren of comfort when expressions of sympathy are wrung from them by girls less scantily dowered than themselves, and are actually heartless enough to say nice things about transformations being so particularly convenient. Of course they are. But at twenty, who wants to be worried with wigs? Far better is it to do as I did, namely, take

my courage in my hands and my scanty supply of hair on my pate and go to Mrs. Spencer Ward, who at the address I have already mentioned works wonders with coiffures that lack abundance. I found her in the most luxurious rooms—truly do the beauty specialists of to-day understand and play up to the craving the modern woman cherishes for artistic surroundings—and was immediately invited to take a seat in a cosy chair, while round my neck was placed a large lace-edged bib of fine tucks and embroidered lawn.

that better luck is in store for her. She told me that one of the reasons my hair was so thin was that the skin upon my cranium was so tightly stretched. This disadvantage frequent massage soon remedies.

My hair is very soft, and unless it is properly manipulated goes into what my nurse used to call a remarkably small compass. I was at a shampooer's in Paris last week, and as he tenderly dealt with my poor little wisp of a mane he murmured that it was very fine, wonderfully fine. "Unfortunately, yes," I assented, wishing he would keep his opinion to himself. Promptly came his reply, "Ah, no, mademoiselle, not unfortunately, but fortunately, very fortunately." I set the creature down as a fool, though a pleasant fool, for, though fine hair may denote exquisite sensibility and a character of the utmost refinement, I would rather be made of clay a little less remarkable and possess hair of a more showy and amenable disposition.

Mrs. Spencer Ward, when she had arranged the electric battery on the table beside me, placed beneath my collar, so that it rested at the top of the spine, just beneath the base of the neck, a little padded instrument, and placed in my hand a second instrument like a small stick, both of which were connected with the battery. The circuit was now complete, and the electricity worked, whereupon I felt a tingling sensation at the top of my spine, which I was assured would act as a vitaliser all the time I was having my hair shampooed. For the process, I may add, was to begin with a shampoo, and was to be completed by electric brushing and finger massage.

There are many shampoos in these days of beauty cul-

when she discovered how very greatly disposed towards a greasy condition were my tresses, let me into another of the vagaries of that vegetable we call hair, by remarking that women who use their brains very constantly and strenuously suffer from "damp" hair, which is just the very hair that is so difficult to deal with and make anything of in the way of pretty and picturesque coiffures.

The Powder Shampoo.

That remark set me debating whether I would not rather be a fluffy-headed nincompoop than a Minerva of supreme degree, and I was just deciding that it was futile to come to a conclusion on the subject when my beauty specialist puffed her last shower of powder at me and took up the electric brushes, remarking as she did so that the powder shampoo is the best possible one for hair such as mine, since it makes the most of it, and, indeed, causes, with the aid of electricity, each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as Shakespeare has it. It is an excellent shampoo before a dance.

And now began the electric brushing, which gives new life to the hair, vitalising the roots, strengthening the fresh growth that is always in course of making, and bestowing upon the long tresses the glossiness of perfect groom-



Removing wrinkles with the electric roller.

ture. One is the ordinary wet process, which takes time, and results in either a bad cold in the head, neuralgia, or rheumatism, unless the detail of drying is thoroughly well carried out. In primitive toilet saloons towels are used, often not even hot. More civilised coiffeurs put the mane into a heated cylinder, where it quickly dries, and Aunt Lucille has amused Anne and me by describing a very original plan she tried in India, while she was at Simla, where it was possible to give her hair a sun bath. She sat with it drawn through a cardboard box, over which it was outspread, so that it was sunned at one and the same time. She also told us that it is a good thing when a hairdresser's services cannot be procured to twist the long hair round and round, and to singe the ends with a candle or taper. I suggest this idea to girls who believe in singeing, as I do, for it is a process that seals up the hair tubes and makes the hair grow thicker.

It might be dried and sunned at one and the same time. She also told us that it is a good thing when a hairdresser's services cannot be procured to twist the long hair round and round, and to singe the ends with a candle or taper. I suggest this idea to girls who believe in singeing, as I do, for it is a process that seals up the hair tubes and makes the hair grow thicker.

Mrs. Spencer Ward uses a wonderful spirit upon her patients' heads, which dries almost as it is applied, and this she rubs into the head with her hands, and afterwards wipes absolutely away with a square of linen. "Ictormine," as this shampoo is called, is what Anne invariably uses, for it makes her "chataigne" tinted tresses shine like gold, and leaves none of the stickiness behind that ordinary shampoos do.

But upon my locks yet another process was bestowed. I was puffed at with a sweetly-scented powder until my head looked like that of hoary Father Christmas. Mrs. Spencer Ward operating with an india-rubber instrument to bring about that effect. I have known for a long time that upon the state of the health depends the well-being of the hair, and I have also been well aware that the characteristics of the hair change owing to climatic conditions and that of the health. For example, the lard prescription the St. Petersburg specialist gave me did my hair immeasurable benefit at a time when it was as dry as tinder. But Mrs. Spencer Ward,

ing that every woman desires shall be the characteristic of her coiffure.

It is a soothing process as a rule. Once or twice I must admit I jumped as the brush and comb passed over some hyper-sensitive nerve, but what I felt for the most part was a sensation of coolness, as of water trickling over my cranium, which was by no means unpleasant.

There is nothing uncanny about the way in which the vital force is applied. The brush is connected with the battery, and the amount



The box method of drying the hair.

of electricity conveyed can be regulated to a nicety, for some people require much more strength than others to produce beneficial results. At first Mrs. Spencer Ward gave me a very gentle dose of electricity, but by degrees she enlanced it, until, when the tin brush that is used in the nape of the neck and on the temples where the hair is most apt to be thin was in use, I felt as if armies of little pins were pricking me.

After the massage she smoothed the wrinkles out of my forehead with a cunning little roller, and thus completed her clever ministrations.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FATHER PATRICK sat up all that night in a wretched little attic room at Charlotte-hill, with a woman in raving delirium tremens. He has begged her to let him take her to her home, and, perhaps from fear of the approaching policeman, she had consented. He chartered a belated growler at Queen Anne's-gate, and drove to the number she gave him. And that was how Patrick Lyle first came to Charlotte-hill, the place where poor Terence Murphy had found Faith on the earth.

It was a terrible experience. Patrick Lyle was not one of those men whose work lay in the fetid slums. He was a man who saw very little of the seamy side of life; and what he saw and heard that night appalled him beyond expression. He went into the very Inferno of sin and misery, and realised for the first time in his life the real destiny of religion and the folly of foreign missions.

For him it was a period of mental as well as physical torture. Every sense of a delicate and highly-strung nature was offended. He had never conceived it possible that humanity could sink so low, that such human sin and suffering existed. It came as an intellectual blow to him, and, from that day, his ideas of life were strangely modified. Indeed, he wondered whether it was in him to imagine hell, if this were only earth.

They received him well at Charlotte-hill, and he perceived with surprise that he was not the first priest who had penetrated into that awful purgatory of insanity and overcrowded humanity. The landlady remembered Father Murphy, and wept copiously because of it. She declared that she was a good daughter of holy church and an honest woman, and she spoke as if the two things were not necessarily synonymous. She was a Londoner, who spoke with the figurative speech and accent of Leman-street, and told the padre her history before he had been with her five minutes. Her father had been in the army, and her mother had kept a coffee-house, in the Hampstead-road—a worthy people both. It does not concern us, any more than it did Father Lyle, to know how it was that she found herself the owner of a lodging-house in Charlotte-hill that, for lack of space and insanitary conditions, would shame Tangier or Dublin.

She told him that the unfortunate woman, whom she called "the lady," and knew by no other name, had lived in her house for several months, and had irregularly paid her way. "She's been going from bad to worse ever since she came," said Mrs. King. "There's no 'oldin' er. It's the drink, sir, the drink as does it. When she's sober, there's none nicer, sir. She's a real lady, that she is; but it aint often as she's not in drink."

"What is her name?" asked Father Lyle. "Lor, sir, that's where you git me. It's houtlandish. It's one of them zig-zag names. She's a furriner, I believe; and I never knows her by any name. 'The Lady' we call her, 'cause of 'er grand manners, y'know." Mrs. King sniggered, as if she thought she had scored a point.

"And you know nothing about her?" asked Father Lyle, coldly. He was not at all inclined to like Mrs. King, notwithstanding her persistent protestations of allegiance to the Church. "You don't know from whence she came, or anything about her—eh?"

"She never talks about herself, sir, she only spouts, as you might say, rants about women's rights, and them things. Reg'lar anarchist, I call her. Lor, sir, you should jest 'ear 'er on religion. It's shameful, that's the truth. If it wasn't my bread and butter, sir, I'd never 'ave such a person under my roof; no, that I wouldn't, swelp me—beg porden, yer reverence; but, as I was jest sayin', she's seen better days—most of us 'ave, if it comes to that. Why, sir, my own father, he—"

"Yes, yes, Mrs. King, I know; but about this woman? Where does she get her money from?"

"I suppose she does some kind of work," said Mrs. King, weakly. "I dunno. 'Ow should I? I've got my own affairs to attend to, and—"

"But it must have taken a lot of money to produce this result. You can't get drunk on nothing."

"No, yer cant, sir," said Mrs. King, feelingly. "Of course," said Father Lyle, after a pause, during which he tried not to look at Mrs. King, in case the loathing and repulsion he felt should be betrayed in his face. "Of course, I don't want to make you say anything against your lodgers."

"If you thinks she's himmoral, sir," interrupted Mrs. King, quickly, "you're mistook. We don't 'ave none of that sort 'ere. This is a respectable 'ouse, sir. They may be poor, but we're honest. She pays 'er rent fairly regular, and there's enough for me. I suppose she gits some relief, or does chargin, or—"

Well, anyhow, sir, she's not good for nothing, and, if you arsts me, I should say if she dies it'll be a blessing to 'er an' all of us."

"Mrs. King," said Father Lyle, abruptly, "be honest with me. Come now, you, at any rate, have a clear head and carry on your business, and you must have had a pretty wide experience of life. Now, tell me, Mrs. King, have you ever come across a worse case?"

Mrs. King fidgeted and smirked. At length she said: "Well, sir, to tell you the solemn truth, I 'aven't, and that's straight. She's awful! She's the wust I've ever seen!" "Thank you," said the priest, grimly. "And I suppose you don't think there's any hope of her mending her ways, of reforming?"

"Er? Not 'er, sir. She's gone too far. When the drink gits an 'old like thet, it's all up."

"And you call her The Lady?"

"Yes, sir, 'cause of 'er fine talking. She's been a bloomin' lecturer, or somethink. You should jest 'ear 'er sometimes."

Patrick Lyle winced. His brain was teeming with a chaos of conflicting thoughts and emotions. The poor wreck of humanity who had drifted across his path filled him not so much with a great pity as an insatiable curiosity, and, perhaps, too, a great fear.

Vera Mijatovitch? The name meant nothing to him, even though somewhere at the back of his brain he seemed to have heard the name before, how, when, or in what connection, he could not recall. And the woman? There was nothing but what was repulsive about her. She was a raving madwoman, blaspheming all the things he held most sacred, and reviling with foul language the holy things of God. She saw goblin shapes and horrid beasts, and shrieked and laughed and cried, and sang and crooned inanely up there in the little attic room. And yet she awakened a strangely subtle attraction and interest in him, for a thought had come to him, a thought and suspicion so staggering in its possibility, that he was like a man in a dream. It was a miracle that he was being wrought. Her words mocked him. He felt like a man in conscious nightmare. She spoke the words of "Quo Vadis"—she, this fallen, drink-addicted, wretched creature, spoke the words of his anti-Christ, the enemy of his grand Church and hoary beliefs and traditions, the adversary of his faith. Subconsciously he had prayed to his God to bring his enemy low, to abase him and crush him. Had he not been right, for "Quo Vadis" had brought upon him the woe of them that cause children to stumble? And was this how his prayer was answered? Was it thus that the Lord had delivered his army into his hands?

It was an inconceivable position, a monstrous thought that filled him with that subtle persistency; and yet—did not this woman say she had been a lecturer? Was it possible? Was Vera Mijatovitch his "Quo Vadis"? Had the sub-conscious will, his spiritual revenge, had such power as this? Was he standing in the presence of the miracle of the Church? Did he, through Peter, hold the keys of heaven and hell, to bind on earth whomsoever he willed?

All that he sat up with the woman. A doctor had been sent for, but did not come until the next morning. Charlotte-hill had little to do with doctors.

Towards dawn Father Lyle managed to obtain and administer an opiate; but it had little effect.

The next morning he paid Mrs. King's bill, and arranged for the woman's removal to the private hospital of a friend of his, whose specialty was inebriety. It was a gloomy place at Wembley.

There were very few belongings at the house at Charlotte-hill, but of these the priest took possession. He stowed them away in one of his own bags and had them removed to his rooms at the Hospice.

There were two things amongst them which went even further to confirm his fear and, in a way, to establish her identity. Amongst several old newspapers, he found a marriage certificate in a soiled envelope, which was open. It recorded the marriage before an East End registrar of Christian Morning, bachelor, of the Pembroke Settlement, coplar, Barrister-at-law, son of the late John Morning, of the East India Company's Medical Service, and Vera Mijatovitch, spinster, of the same address, daughter of Paul Mijatovitch, of Belgrade, and described as a writer and lecturer, and also a copy of a well-known book called the "Democratic Ideal," by the same Christian Morning, Master of Arts of Oxford, Barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple.

Father Lyle did not know Christian Morning, save through his book; but he knew the Pembroke Settlement of Poplar; and he also knew that Christian Morning was alive—at least, he thought it highly probable that, if he were dead, he would have heard of it. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he should receive a considerable shock at his sense of the fitness of things. This woman was apparently the wife of a man of birth, education, and means. Where was that man? What was he doing to let these things be? It was a question that neither Father Lyle nor anyone else was to hear answered for a long time.

Vera Mijatovitch remained, to all intents and purposes, a raving maniac for several days; and during that period the priest had been assiduous in his attentions to her well-being and comfort. Moreover, he had gained considerable information concerning her past. Amongst other things, he discovered that she was well known to the police; indeed, she was, as the inelegant expression has it, an habitual with half-a-dozen previous convictions against her name. Further, he traced her even to the Pembroke Settlement of Poplar, where he got

together the threads of the tragedy, but never a word or a breath of suspicion concerning her marriage. On the contrary, it was affirmed by those who ought to have known that she was not married. All the facts that they could supply him with were these—Vera Mijatovitch had resigned her place at the settlement more than two years ago and disappeared. From that time to the present no one there or elsewhere had heard of her. The work in Poplar was quite enough for them.

And Christian Morning? Yes, they could supply Father Lyle with any amount of information concerning him; his regular address and a dozen other equally important details, all of which went to still further mystify and embarrass Father Lyle. But he had not the time, even if he had the will, just then to decide on any course of action. Indeed, it was doubtful whether there was any course of action open to him. Patrick Lyle was so much of a man of the world to know that his duty as a priest and a man began and ended with the poor woman who was suffering the torments of the damned in that drunkard's retreat at Wembley.

Every day he went to Wembley, and on each occasion he stayed a long time. He never stopped to ask himself why he went, why he neglected important duties to go and see this piece of human wreckage he had picked up. Not at first; but later, when he analysed his feelings, the result startled him, for there was something in the heart and consciousness of Patrick Lyle that accused him, that unconsciously made him responsible for this ruin of a body and intellect that had shaken the foundations of the Church; and he was appalled at his handiwork. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when Patrick Lyle would have experienced a thrill of holy triumph at the vision of "Quo Vadis" in the inner circle of the Inferno, but that was a time when he had been outside the gates. Since that time he had descended into hell, and things seemed different, and another and stronger desire had taken possession of him—a passion to work a miracle, to save the soul of Vera Mijatovitch, to snatch it as a brand from the burning.

"Absolutely hopeless," said the doctor, with conviction, in other words repeating the prediction of Mrs. King of Charlotte-hill. "She is one of the worst cases I have ever met with."

"And you think, then," said Father Lyle, "that she can never be reformed?"

"Never," said the doctor. "She has reached the lowest depth it is possible for a human being to reach. Death in her case would be a merciful deliverance."

"Death and the outer darkness," mused the priest, moodily.

"Which could not be more awful darkness than her life. No, Mr. Lyle, she is one of the few cases that, physiologically, psychologically, and morally, I affirm to be lost—irretrievably lost! She has already perished."

The priest shook his head. "The Christ did 'die in vain,'" he said, solemnly.

"Oh, I can't talk from the religious standpoint," said the doctor. "I look upon her as a case. I suppose the Salvation Army might whitewash her, after I have patched her up."

"There is an old legend, doctor," said Father Lyle, "that says that the repentant thief was he who tempted Judas. Yet he entered Paradise with the Christ."

"The Christ, like the Salvation Army, could work miracles."

A strange light shone in the sombre, handsome eyes of the Jesuit.

"Yes," he said, "He could, and can still, work miracles!"

"But He is not here."

"His Church remains."

The doctor stifled a sneer.

"No, no," he said, pleasantly enough; "I'm afraid the only thing you can do is to pray that a merciful providence may end her wretched life."

"I shall pray," said Father Lyle, "that her life may be spared, and that she may live to be a pure and beautiful daughter of God."

"The age of miracles is past," said the doctor, grimly.

"The Church lives," answered Father Lyle, quietly. "There is still faith in the earth." And he wondered why, just at that time, he thought so much of Terence Murphy and what he had said about Charlotte-hill. Truly he was living a new Apocalypse.

Vera Mijatovitch had been six days at the home in Wembley when the fever of delirium left her. It was about nine o'clock in the evening of that day that Father Lyle called, and was informed of the good news.

"It's a curious thing," said the doctor, "but running through and inextricably interwoven with all her hallucinations has been a sort of undercurrent of mysterious intellectualty. She has talked a lot in foreign tongues—French, and some language I don't understand—Russian, I suppose—but, every now and then she breaks out into a violent tirade against religion, and priests, and marriage, and—well, generally smashes at all our pet superstitions and conventions. She has evidently at some time or other had a good education."

"Does that follow?" asked the priest, sombrely; but the doctor let the question remain unanswered.

"A curious thing, too," added the doctor, "is that last night she never ceased talking of you."

"No? But she doesn't know me."

"She talked incessantly about Patrick Lyle," spoke, in fact, as if you and she had been enemies, had had arguments between. She accused you of being a coward and shirking her charges, and all sorts of wild things of that sort. Funny, wasn't it?"

To be Continued.



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Juveniles at Play.



YOUTHFUL MODES.

PRETTY PARTY FROCKS FOR PRETTY CHILDREN.

IN the matter of material for party frocks, tradition is too strong for resistance, and muslin, as ever, holds the van of popular approval; but muslin "bien entendu" of the finest, most cobwebby quality, delicately manipulated into hand-run lingerie tucks, decked with real lace, and inset with the inevitable lingerie beading. This beading is always a perfect host in its way, when children's clothes are in question—and mostly makes excuse for some bébé ribbon threading. For quite tiny tots there is arranged a sweet frock, boasting a Princess robe front, all perpendicular tucks alternating with Valenciennes insertion from throat to hem, the waist—save the mark!—picked up either side this front, through the medium of wide lingerie beading and satin ribbon.

Nor may we question any longer the acceptance of the long French bodice, and infinitesimally frilled skirt. This is "un fait accompli," and is accounted quite the smart party frock for the season, completed by beautifully fitting silk stockings, and the perfection of lingerie throughout, since these details are liberally displayed. American children, who—imitative little monkeys—quickly assume the French air affected by their elders, have adapted themselves with easy nonchalance to this particular.

Crêpe de Chine Frock.

Illustrating the possibilities of crêpe de Chine or Liberty satin for children's wear is the frock shown in our third column for a girl of some seven or eight years. Both skirt and blouse-bodice are arranged in the narrowest lingerie tucks, intersected by lines of finest lace. A square transparent yoke of rather bold-patterned lace—perhaps marquise, or a bit of old Bruges, completes the childish scheme.

And it is worthy of remark that even with so dressy a frock as this the elbow sleeve is conspicuous by its absence.

The latest thing for the hair is the velvet snood or bandeau here pictured, with loop rosettes set either side the front. The hair is parted in the centre, and just droops a little over either temple, the bandeau being held in place by a narrow elastic passed invisibly beneath the long hair behind the ears, while the tiniest of side combs suffice to maintain the front in the requisite position.

There now only remains to be discussed the practical evening wrap; a possession as diffi-

cult to procure, when combining the essentials of simplicity and a moderate price, as radium itself.

A plethora of fabrics suggest themselves persuasively in the cause, but choice falls easily on a delicately coloured lambswool, trimmed with white swansdown or imitation white fox, the cloak cape and hood lined throughout with white China silk or cheap cotton-backed satin. Of this attractive garment we propose to supply a pattern (No. 13) which will indicate how both cloak and cape are laid with the centre back to a fold, a desirable flatness being preserved about the shoulders of the cloak by a short dart.

The pattern will be provided in two sizes for children from five to eight years, and the quantity of wide double width stuff required for the latter will be two yards; 30-inch lining silk 5 yards; trimming 6 yards.

Flat pattern, 6jd.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3jd. L

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.



A novel Bandeau flanked by rosettes.

IMPORTANT ITEMS.

THE DICTATES OF LA MODE IN GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

"BIEN chaussée, bien gantée." How well the French adage wears. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite conviction. And there is no excuse, not the very least title of one, for women nowadays to wear unworthy hand gear, for gloves are cheaper and better than they have ever been. It is the exception to fall the victim of a tight thumb, or an impossible little finger, while the choice in colouring is ruled by the most admirable taste and discretion. One almost awaits the deluge before such perfection, and pending the downfall, let us make much of the amiable opportunities awaiting us in this particular.

Broddingnagian Buttons.

The chief affection of the moment is shown in a tendency to run to buttons of broddingnagian dimensions, a departure inaugurated by the two-button length of gloves that are necessitated by the long, close-fitting cuff. On a useful quality of rough subde glove posing under several high-flown titles, but generally to be identified as the Mikado, these two great buttons in white pearl are responsible for a quite particular cachet, generally absent in a glove costing the modest sum of 2s. 6d., and which submits itself, as this does, to the manipulation of the cleaner, not once but many

times. A novelty in white gloves, a rather heavy-weight kid, boasts a short gauntlet drawn together at the wrist in front by two or three slots run with a fine elastic, the whole lined through with some voyant colour such as corise, emerald green, pale and royal blue, etc. Gazing at these presentments we may send up a silent prayer of thanks that these



A jet comb looks lovely worn in flaxen hair; and dog collars also of jet are quite the rage

vivid tones are employed inside and not out. It might so easily have been otherwise under the prevailing influence of early Victorianism. My memory wanders back to that amusing histrionic reminiscence, "Trelawney of the Wells," and a pair of vivid green gloves, closed with lacing and loops, worn by Miss Patty Brown. And realising the fateful habit of modistic history has of repeating itself, I tremble, and hasten on with the comforting assurance that a glove in white chevette or plain kid still maintains the vantage ground of elegant acceptance. Gazette in an effective, reddish tan tone represents the smart, useful glove mostly offered in four-buttoned length. For evening wear white, as ever, holds chief sway, but in this regard individual fancy is respected.



A Frock of crepe de Chine trimmed with lace.

No. 13 The perfection of comfort in lambswool and fur.



To the - - HUNDRED THOUSAND... LADIES & GENTLEMEN

who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair. GREETING: KNOW ALL OF YOU. In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, "Tatcho," and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself. - Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS in the "Referee."

"TATCHO"

The Restorative Prescribed by the Medical Profession for Hair Disorders.

Originally recommended in the columns of the *Referee* by Mr. Geo. R. Sims to a few Friends and Correspondents, "TATCHO" has gained such great renown that over Three Thousand Gallons are now compounded every week by the Chemists associated with the Laboratories, and the demand, notwithstanding all counterfeits, continues to grow daily. Than "TATCHO" there is nothing known to science to-day capable of exercising happier results on the neglected head of hair.

Young Lady almost Bald.

Stonleigh, Midsummer Norton, near Bath. June 12th, 1903.

My daughter was taken dangerously ill last year, and after her recovery she discovered her hair was falling off. In about a week she was almost bald, but I am glad to say that after using two bottles of "Tatcho" her hair grew fast and thick. I am so pleased with "Tatcho" that I am recommending it to all my friends.

Mrs. A. WILSON EWER.

Cannot Speak too highly.

Inscen Town House, Cheddar, Somerset. June 26, 1903.

I have used "Tatcho" for some time, and cannot speak too highly of it.

Mrs. HANNAY.

None but "Tatcho" beneficial.

5, Mardale Parade, Gateshead-on-Tyne. June 12th, 1903.

Mrs. CLEPHAM has tried all other makes of hair restorer, but found none but "Tatcho" beneficial.

LADY COLLINS on "Tatcho."

18, Ashburn Place, Kensington, W. Lady Collins has been induced to try "Tatcho," owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

By Doctor's Orders.

107, Marine Parade, Brighton. June 30th, 1903.

I feel I must write and thank you for the result of "Tatcho." In my case it has been simply wonderful. By the doctor's orders my hair had to be cut short, and until I used "Tatcho" four months ago it never grew beyond my shoulders. Since using "Tatcho," however, it is even longer than it was before. Again thanking you,

FLORA MISSENDEN-LOVE.

"Tatcho" the Very Best.

27, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, N.W. June 14th, 1903.

I can truthfully say of "Tatcho" that it is the very best I have ever used, having had a great experience with restorers.

MADAME CINEY.

"Tatcho" is Excellent.

Murrighboro, Puckam, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. June 11th, 1903.

"Tatcho" is excellent, and I regret I did not try it much sooner.

MISS M. BOWLES.

Lt.-Col. NEDHAM on "Tatcho."

Neemuch, Central India. I have been using a bottle of "Tatcho" that I brought out with me to India in February last. It has done my hair a power of good, and I wish to continue using it.

LT.-COL. NEDHAM.

Capt. PEMBROKE MARSHALL on "Tatcho."

226, Rue du Cygne, Boulevard Militaire, Brussels. I was actually amazed at the genuineness of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho," the only hair restorer I ever found of the slightest use, notwithstanding the many I have tried. A lady of my acquaintance remarked the phenomenon and tried "Tatcho," also with like results, which was not so wonderful, though to her gratifying. I never wrote so much about a similar subject in my life and never gave a testimonial, but the facts are so extraordinary that I cannot help letting you know.

Capt. PEMBROKE MARSHALL.

A PRIVILEGE AVAILABLE TO ALL.

An entire course of treatment with "Tatcho" carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

The chief chemist attached to the Laboratories is empowered to send, carriage paid to your own door, a large 4/6 trial bottle for 1/10 to readers making application personally, or by letter, at the "Tatcho" Laboratories, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, London. This bottle will prove that what "Tatcho" did for the Discoverer, Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and what it has since done for hundreds of thousands, it will assuredly do for you.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.

"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

In bottles, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6. Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

If you do not find what you are looking for among the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages, we can make your wants known at the rate of 12 words or less 1s., 1d. per word afterwards.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to proved regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail her- (or him-) self of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Managers,

"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond St, London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from
(Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies
the paper should be inserted)

I require a

(Here state what servant is required.)
and, in the event of being "satisfied," I agree to pay 5s.
to the Bureau.

Signature of Reader.

(Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they
should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY
written below.)

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

- (1.) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.
- (2.) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.
- (3.) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.
- (4.) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:—

- (1.) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

- (2.) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.
- (3.) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

The Domestic Bureau is open

from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Also open Tuesdays 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Closes 1 p.m. Saturdays.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

AS Butler (working); age 28; height 5ft. 11in.—Write M. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3759

BUTLER; highly recommended; disengaged; wants place for three months; height 5ft. 6in.; good appearance.—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER or Indoor Servant; highly recommended by present master, who is going abroad; age 28.—Write M. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER, where footman is kept; long references; height 5ft. 7in.; disengaged now.—Write M. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN; long references; experienced; age 40.—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN; good appearance; age 44; 10 years in last situation; highly recommended.—Write M. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST Footman or Under-Butler; age 24; 5ft. 9in.; good appearance; highly recommended.—Write M. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FIRST Footman; age 24; height 6ft.; good appearance.—Write M. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST or Second Footman; age 24; 5ft. 9in.; 5ft. 8in.—Write M. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOOTMAN or Indoor Servant; age 26; height 5ft. 9in.; good appearance; understands hunting and shooting things; good references.—Write M. 1003, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAN and his wife want situations as Valet and Cook-housekeeper; charges of fish preferred; excellent references.—Write M. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MR. G. M. STYLE wishes to recommend Butler; 54 years in his service.—T. Adams, Gore-court, Maidstone. 3779

RETIRED non-commissioned officer and wife desire situations as indoor servant and cook; excellent references.—Write M. 58, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VALET or Butler-valet, with footman; five years' excellent character; age 32; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; shooting things.—Write M. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Chefs.

CHEF; Swiss; good appearance; excellent references; thoroughly good in all branches; wages £3 10s.—Write M. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FRENCH Chef; experienced in all branches; cooking; good manager; requires situation; permanent; or job in private family; good references.—Write 496, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street, W. 3767

Cooks.

COOK (very good); aged 31; £50; nearly 9 years' experience; very highly recommended.—Write K. 114, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK desires situation in house where kitchen and scullery maids are kept.—Write K. 121, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK, for permanent or temporary work; £35; good references.—Write K. 119, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (French) desires temporary situation; speaks good English; country place preferred.—Write K. 118, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK; disengaged; wages £40-45; town preferred; must have kitchenmaid.—Write K. 120, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; age 38; £60; recommended as a good cook and thoroughly sober.—Write K. 111, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; very good; 46; wages £45; several years' reference; must have help.—Write K. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Caretaker.

CARETAKER-ATTENDANT, or for any place of trust; excellent references; has been cashier in big City firm.—Write M. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER (lady), now in town, experience; seeks situation; town or country.—Write L. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEKEEPER (lady) or Companion and good needlewoman; 13 years' experience; bright, capable; good needlewoman.—H. 18, The Arcade, Richmond. 2358

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSEKEEPER (working) to one or two gentlemen; middle-aged; good plain cook; excellent references.—J. 27, Chandos-road West, Stratford.

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country.—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary.—Write L. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Ladies' Maids.

MAID; courier German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended.—Write L. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID-ATTENDANT; age 31; nine years' reference from last situation; good reader; excellent attendant; personally recommended.—Write L. 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful) or nurse-attendant; good nurse and good needlewoman; 13 years' experience; with elderly lady; last 10 years with nobleman; excellent references.—E. Watson, 51, St. Thomas-road, Hastings.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on pages 15 and 16.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 136.—BRAWN.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pig's head, four powdered cloves, salt, and black pepper.

Wash the head well in tepid water, and remove all the brains, veins, and splinters of bone. Next put the head in a pan with enough cold water to cover it, and two teaspoonsful of salt. Put the pan on the fire and bring the contents to the boil. Skim it well and let it cook for about one and a half hours. When the bones can be easily drawn out of the meat, take the head out of the pan, take out all the bones and cut the meat up quickly into small squares. It is best to do this near the fire so as to prevent the fat setting. Shake over the meat the powdered cloves and a good seasoning of salt and black pepper, mix it well and then press the meat into a round cake in or mould; place a plate on the mould, and on the plate put heavy weights to press the meat firmly together. Leave the mould under the weights till next day. Then dip it in warm water and the brawn will turn out quite easily.

Cost about 2s.

No. 137.—MOCHA CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—Four eggs, four ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of Vienna flour, two ounces of potato flour or cornflour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of coffee essence, Mocha icing, coffee icing glaze.

Line a fat baking tin with buttered paper. Put the yolks of the eggs in a basin with the sugar. Stand the basin on the top of a saucepan that contains boiling water, put the pan over a slow fire and whisk the sugar and eggs for about fifteen minutes, till the mixture looks thick and ropery. Sieve together the flours and baking powder. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth. Add the coffee essence to the sugar and yolks. Next mix into them very lightly a tablespoonful of flour and the same of the whisked whites of the eggs. Continue adding these till all the flour and the whites are in. Then pour the mixture into the prepared tin. Bake it in a moderate oven for about half an hour. When done it should be a pretty pale brown and feel spongy when pressed with the finger. Turn the cake out of the tin and carefully remove the paper. Put the cake on a sieve till it is cold, then cut it in half, so as to have two pieces the shape of the tin. Spread on one a layer of Mocha icing, place the other piece on the icing, and cut it out into any pretty shapes. Pour the coffee glaze icing over the tops of the shapes, and sprinkle cocoanut on some and chopped pistachios on others.

MOCHA ICING.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of fresh butter, one pound of icing sugar, one tablespoonful of essence of coffee.

Beat the butter and sugar together in a basin till they are a smooth cream, then add the coffee, drop by drop, beating it well in. The icing is then ready.

Cost 2s. 4d. for a dozen or more portions.

No. 138.—CRONSTADES A LA VICTORIA.

INGREDIENTS.—Six ounces of butter, one egg, bread-crumbs, four ounces of cooked chicken, two ounces of cooked ham, quarter of a pint of thick white sauce, salt and pepper.

Divide the butter into six equal parts, form each into the shape of a small drum, brush each over with beaten egg, and cover it with breadcrumbs. With a small cutter slightly mark a round on the top of each to show where the opening is to be made. Fry them in boiling fat a pretty golden colour, then immediately remove the lid you have marked out and carefully pour out all the butter (which will now be liquid), and you will have a delicate case left. Chop the chicken and ham finely, stir them into the sauce, see this mixture is nicely seasoned, and then carefully fill in the cases with it. Put them in the oven for a few minutes to get thoroughly hot. Serve on a lace paper. The butter that was emptied out of the cases may be used for soups, pastry, &c.

Cost 2s. 6d. for six portions.

THE DOLL'S DRESSMAKER.

A LUCRATIVE CALLING FOR CLEVER WOMEN.

Now, dressing dolls may not at first mention appear to suggest a particularly profitable employment; but there is no doubt that a modest competence (we will not say a fortune) can be earned by doing so. In this industry, however, as in almost every handicraft, it is the woman who specialises who achieves the greatest success. It does not require creative genius, nor even conspicuous originality of mind, to choose out dolls of a distinctive make, or to dress them in some distinctive style; and yet the happy faculty for seizing upon an idea likely to appeal to popular taste, and then devoting time and energy to its development, will speedily bring a reward.

Royal Patronage.

There is one lady whose dressed dolls have not only won for her a world-wide reputation, but have secured the patronage of royalty. They were all of uniform size, about four and a half inches long, and were the daintiest little puppets imaginable, with jointed limbs, real hair, and eyes that opened and closed. The most exquisite taste and originality were displayed in dressing these miniature dolls, the materials used being silk, satin, or Liberty velvet in artistic shades. Each tiny pair (for there were boy dolls and girl dolls) was made to harmonise in style and colour, although the costumes were of infinite variety. Some were fashioned after Kate Greenaway's picturesque and Court ladies in rich attire; there were peasants of all nations; while the "Coronation Dolls," representing their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, in their Coronation robes, enjoyed a phenomenal success.

It was, of course, an exceptionally fortunate chance that brought these charming little dolls to the notice of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who signified her approval of them by repeated orders; they were speedily in demand among ladies of rank, for bazaars and charity fairs, and of the several thousand dolls dressed and sold by the clever originator, a very large proportion has been sent to the United States and the Colonies.

"DAILY MIRROR" BINDING COVERS NOW READY.

Charming Red Cloth Covers, so arranged as to contain a week's set of the "Daily Mirror," can be obtained for 1s. by ordering at any newsagent's or bookeller's, or direct from the office on receipt of 1/3, which includes carriage. Address:

The Publisher,
"The Daily Mirror,"
2, Carnarvon Street, E.C.

The advantage of the covers is that one has all the departments of the paper ready for reference.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Halibut. Dory. Mackerel. Herrings.
Cod. Brill. Turbot.
Whitebait. Whiting. Soles. Plaice.
Shrimps. Lobsters. Oysters.

Meat.
Mutton. Beef. Pork. Veal.

Game and Poultry.
Turkeys. Ducks. Geese.
Pigeons. Fowls. Rabbits. Quails.
Teal. Partridges. Ptarmigan.
Woodcock. Pheasants.

Vegetables.
Batavia. Celery. Cardoons. Asparagus.
Broccoli. Cabbages. Beetroot.
Leeks. Endive. Onions. Artichokes.
Tomatoes. Spinach.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples. Grapes. Medlars. Oranges.
Italian Figs. Bananas. Pineapples.
Pears. Cranberries.
Custard Apples. Grape Fruit.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Flowers for the Table.
Red and White Tulips. White Lilac.
Violets. Japanese Chrysanthemums.
Smilax. Asparagus Fern. Ranunculus.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Fern Balls. Pink Heath.
Asters. Freesias. Green Aralias.
Daffodils.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 38.—TIMBALE DE CAILLES ALEXANDRA.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

For eight persons: Choose eight fine quails, drawn and trussed. Put inside of each a piece of truffle the size of a filbert, and as much of fresh foie gras well seasoned and flavoured with some sherry and brandy.

Make a timbale with the following paste:—One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, four eggs, four grains of salt. Lay all round inside the paste a bard of larding; place in the quails, perfectly loose, and eight fine and sound, fresh truffles; dilute a quarter of good glaze with a spoonful of brandy and as much sherry, and pour it into the timbale. Lay another bard over the quails, finish closing the timbale by building its paste cover, and bake it quite fifty minutes in a moderate oven.

Remove then the mould off the timbale, and undo the cover just at the moment of serving.

MARKETING BY POST.

As the purchase of goods through the post is increasing in popularity the "Daily Mirror" has started on page 15 a Special Department (Marketing by Post) for the benefit of readers who wish to obtain articles for the household in this way. To readers in remote places it should prove particularly useful.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
Fillets of Smoked Cod. *Brawn.
Buttered Eggs.
Dresden Patties. Game Scallops.
LUNCH.
Kidney Soup. Scallops au Gratin.
Grilled Steak and Tomatoes.
Curried Cauliflower.
Poached Eggs with Tongue.
Veal and Ham Patties.
Date Pudding. German Sauce.
Ground Rice Mould and Stewed Figs.
Cheese Fritters.
COLD DISHES.
Pressed Beef. Cold Roast Chicken.
Dublin Prawns with Salad.
TEA.
Egg Sandwiches. Toasted Buns.
Chocolate Macaroons. Queen Cakes.
*Mocha Cake.
DINNER.
Soups.
Clear Ox Tail. Beetroot.
Fish.
Boiled Turbot, Shrimp Sauce.
Fried Whitebait.
Entrées.
*Cronstades a la Victoria.
Fillets of Beef a la Pompadour.
Roasts.
Saddle of Mutton. Ducks, Apple Sauce.
Game.
Roast Ptarmigan, Fried Crumbs.
Plovers en Casserole.
Vegetables.
Potatoes Saute. Artichoke a la Creme.
Sweets.
Savarin. Milanaise Souffle.
Savouries.
Italian Croquettes. Cheese Ramequins.
Ices.
Neapolitan.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; hotel experience; very good references; 10s. to 15s.—Write M. 20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS; age 30; experienced linguist; 3 years' reference present situation; pleasant, bright.—Write L. 35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, experienced, accomplished; languages, painting, music; long references; London, preferred.—Write L. 84, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS; speaks German, English, French; town or country; thoroughly experienced.—Write L. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, Companion, of Lady Housekeeper; keeper; situation; linguist; good correspondent.—Write L. 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (children) or nursery governess; age 20; 1210; Hampshire; preferred; 4 years' personal reference.—Write L. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.

NURSE-ATTENDANT; now in town; temporary or permanent; £20—Write L. 510, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (under); age 20; three years' reference; good; London; 20s. weekly; dressmaking.—Write L. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (head); now in London; want place; London or country; age 30; three years' reference from last situation; previously nearly 10 years.—Write L. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE-ATTENDANT; long reference; £30.—Write L. 500, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Chambermaid.

CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 28; good references; £16—Write M. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housemaid.

HOUSEMAID (Upper); wages £28-£30; excellent references.—Write L. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID; now in Devonshire; age 21; £20—Write K. 106, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

COOK, thoroughly experienced, good references, want place in hotel; good character.—Write M. 1001, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HEAD or Hall Porter; disengaged; age 29; good references; 10s. weekly; tall and strong.—Write M. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL COOK; disengaged; age 40; good references; 15s. weekly.—Write M. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER; age 28; from 12s. weekly; good hotel references.—Write M. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PAULOURMAID in hotel; age 29; £18; nice appearance; good reference.—Write M. 1004, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PAGE; age 14; 4ft. 6in.—Write M. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER or Pantryman (foreigner) wants place in hotel or club; experienced; good references.—Write M. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER-VALET; light preferred; nearly 2 years' reference; nice appearance.—Write M. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITER requires situation in club or private house; speaks German, French, Dutch; disengaged now.—Write M. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

CHAUFFEUR; disengaged; town or country; has been an engine driver for 10 years.—Write M. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHAUFFEUR; height 5ft. 9in.; a trained mechanic; disengaged; wages £2 weekly.—Write M. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DRESSMAKER (daily); thorough good workman; excellent references; moderate terms.—Write L. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY CLERK and Typist, Shorthand, French, good at figures; good references.—Write L. 92, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SECRETARY; speaks English, French, German; fully qualified.—Write L. 512, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITRESS; highly recommended; £16-£18.—Write M. 510, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.

COOK (good plain) wanted; two in family; house-parlourmaid kept; wages £22 to £24; Apply, by letter, to Schoenberg, Burgess Hill, Sussex. 2347

COOK (good plain) wanted immediately.—Mrs. S. Trinity Vicarage, Richmond, Surrey. 4240

COOK (foreign); small household; town and country.—Lady Fane, Bedford, Wilts. 2350

COOK wanted for gentlemen's chambers in Piccadilly; must be good.—Write M. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK (single-handed) required.—Apply, 12s. 4d. to 63, Cornwall-garden, South 3777

COOK (plain); for Blackheath; £20; and Dec.; small family.—Write P. 492, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3775

COOK (plain) wanted Dec. 17; small family; and travelling; wages establishment.—Write P. 492, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3775

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted; 3 in family; good wages to person with good character; age 25-50.—Apply 124, Ebury-street, Bloomsbury, London. 2349

COOK-GENERAL; wanted for private hotel; wages £20.—Write K. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL (good); not over 35, and House-Parlourmaid (good housemaid would suit); two in family; wages respectively £20 and £18.—Apply Mrs. M. G. 61, Casanova-road, Stoke Newington. 2349

COOK-GENERAL; wanted before Christmas; age 25-35; wages £18-£22.—Apply Mrs. Hitches, 124, Ebury-street, Ebury-square, S.W. 2349

COOK-GENERAL (good) required for small flat; two in family, nurse, and lady.—Write age, Mrs. M. 24, Palace Mansions, Addison Bridge. 2349

General Servants.

ACTIVE, Useful Person required for upper work in private house; 2 in family.—Apply 51, Finabury-square. 2349

GENERAL; £14-£16; small family; nurse; maid; want at once.—Write K. 97, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (young) for flat in Hammermith; £10-£12.—Write K. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL wanted for Paddington; must be a good cook; £10-£12.—Write K. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL required for Chislehurst; very comfortable home; small house; abstinence; must be cheerful.—Write K. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (foreigner) preferred for small flat in Westminster; to wait on a lady; wanted by Dec. 26.—Write K. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL; £18-20; for Working; 2 in family; small house.—Write K. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL; young; for Ealing; no cooking; £10-£12.—Write K. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL wanted for flat in town; small family; wages £10.—Write K. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL for private house in Westbourne; no cooking; and occasional help.—Write K. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL for house in London; must be a staid; plain cooking; and help in morning.—Write K. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL wanted immediately for small family in London; wages £10-£12.—Write K. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL wanted; plain cooking; small family; wages £10 to £12.—Apply Mrs. Wright, 48, Tulse Hill, Croydon, Surrey. 2349

GENERAL (plain cook) required after Xmas; 2 in family; house-parlourmaid kept; £17-£19.—Write K. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL Servant; experienced; £16-£18.—Apply G. Banks, Epsom. 3772

GENERAL (thorough good) wanted; 2 in family; good wages.—Mrs. Cooper, 11, Leamington Road, Stratford. 2349

HELP (useful) wanted for flat; Baywater; small family; assistance given; £20-£22.—Write L. 77, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful) wanted for Forest Gate; good wages.—Write L. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful) wanted for London; £16 to £18.—Write L. 70, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful) wanted for Surrey; small family; light duties; £16.—Write L. 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOTHER & Help young wanted; good needlework; £14-£16; Kensington-road, Farnham. 2349

WANTED a daily Lady-help for an upper part; 2 in family.—Write P. 493, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, thoroughly capable General, able to do plain cooking; age 25 to 30; two in family; good home; £10; good personal character required.—Mrs. Allen, Vengent, Chislehurst. 2349

BETWEEN-MAIDS, for Hyde Park; £14; 2 in family; 4 servants.—Write L. 24, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAIDS, for Knightsbridge; 4 in family; 4 servants.—Write L. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAIDS; for London; £12; 2 in family; 4 servants.—Write L. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAIDS, for Bournemouth.—Write L. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAIDS, for Baywater; £12; 2 in family; 31, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS (nursery); three children; for Barnes; nurse kept; £20.—Write L. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (daily); £10-£12; district; boys; 10s. weekly.—Write L. 21, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (Daily); for holidays; mathematics and Latin required.—Write L. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (R.C.), wanted after Xmas; thorough; English; fluent French; 10 pupils (6 girls); £10.—Write L. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.

NURSE; two children; £18-24; for Bechill; Write L. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE; one baby; £26; for Mayfair.—Write L. 35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

NURSE; one child; four years; for Camberwell; £18-20; 21, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (head); age 30 to 35; good wages; near Hyde Park.—Write L. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE wanted for near Bognor; two children; £20; £18; £16; £14; £12; £10; £8; £6; £4; £2; £1; £0.50; £0.25; £0.125; £0.0625; £0.03125; £0.015625; £0.0078125; £0.00390625; £0.001953125; £0.0009765625; £0.00048828125; £0.000244140625; £0.0001220703125; £0.00006103515625; £0.000030517578125; £0.0000152587890625; £0.00000762939453125; £0.000003814697265625; £0.0000019073486328125; £0.00000095367431640625; £0.000000476837158203125; £0.0000002384185791015625; £0.00000011920928955078125; £0.000000059604644775390625; £0.0000000298023223876953125; £0.00000001490116119384765625; £0.000000007450580596923828125; £0.0000000037252902984619140625; £0.00000000186264514923095703125; £0.000000000931322574615478515625; £0.0000000004656612873077392578125; £0.00000000023283064365386962890625; £0.000000000116415321826934814453125; £0.0000000000582076609134674072265625; £0.00000000002910383045673370361328125; £0.000000000014551915228366851806640625; £0.0000000000072759576141834259033203125; £0.00000000000363797880709171295166015625; 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